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REMARKS ON RUSSIA.

BY M. CYPRIAN ROBERT.

Coming from *Stanislas*, Kosakes,* I returned to Petersburg along that extensive slip of the Slavonic and Mogul world, which stretches from New Holland to New Zembla, and the seas of Japan. It was now autumn, and nature had put on her nine months drapery of white. But that which died in this tomb of summer, assumed under the scourge of the north winds, an allurements more lively; men and beasts seemed to be animated by a new warmth—my sleigh skimmed the snow with a strange rapidity, and I felt the pulse of life beating more quickly in me, as around me the motion became accelerated. Without counting days or nights, I rushed through this infinity terrestrial, where tribes and families travelled under their chariots like individuals; where, as in a thick cloud, the lightning continually gathers, the flashes of which produce afar the revolutions of history; where society seems to

be occupied only in undergoing a constant metamorphosis—but merely physical and in form; for as to the depths of things, the stubborn Scythian always preserves his moral physiognomy. Among these people, revolutions, Proteus-like, happen the more rapidly, as they are never exterior.—It required but one generation to cause a multitude to pass over from these idolatrous tribes to the circumcision of Islam, and from the Koran to the gospel. At present, though baptised, are they more Christian than in a material sense? In these numerous localities, the Tartars of Isaria of Kazan, have remained mussulmans. In certain towns, they have preserved their ancient mosques, but which, in their ruinous condition, form a striking contrast with the brilliant structures which rise around them—as may be seen at *Kacimof*, on the *Oka*, a city containing four or five thousand souls, founded after the fall of Kazan, where yet remain the ruins of the seraglio of the last Khans, and the great

* A large village.

mausoleum of the terrible *Chag-Ali*, with an Arabic epitaph of the year 1520.

The only thing that seems to have been left to the Tartars by their powerful ancestors, is their dexterity, swiftness, and boldness, as well on horseback as in their chariots. For the rest, their manner of living is for the most part like the Russians.

But here is Novgorod (*Nijni*), the queen of the Tartars and of the Volga, her antique *Kremle*, on the top of the hill, peers all over the country, and recalls, by its menacing aspect, the epoch when it was the stronghold of the Czars in Tartary. The Volga, the mother of all the Russian rivers, is the vivifying nerve of the empire, and the grand artery of its commerce. Even in winter, when frozen, it does not cease to be the principal means of transportation into the provinces. All communication is made through this unrivalled river, which flows into Asia, and which, by means of the magnificent canal of *Tversta*, communicates with Petersburg. It is easy to conceive that the towns watered by this river, cannot but be adapted to manufactures. For instance, that of Tver, celebrated in the middle ages by the constant fealty of its princes to those of Moscow—and whose population, consisting of twenty thousand inhabitants, are absorbed in industry. This city of the thirteenth century seems to have been built but yesterday. Its cathedral, enriched by the munificence of Prince Mikhail Isiaslavitch—the magnificent imperial palace with its immense court, and the barracks, are prodigious works.

Yaroslav is another city on the Volga, containing twenty-four thousand souls, and famed for the beauty of its women. Hence the common saying, as white and ruddy as a Yaroslavian. But the sceptre of the Graces seems to have passed to the nymphs of Valdai, a small town of

two thousand inhabitants, descendants of Polish prisoners. It is watered by a graceful lake, bordered with forests, on an island of which, is the monastery *Iverskoy*, whose rustic and ignorant, but simple and hospitable monks, are often visited by travellers. Their church possesses, among other relics, a copy of the miraculous Greek *Madonnas* of Iveria, brought from Mount Athos. The forest, in the bosom of which, this monastery is situated, the silent waters of the lake, which bathe the garden, the memory of the great and wise men disgraced at court, who sought refuge in its walls, awaken profound meditations in the mind.

There is another city of Novgorod, called *Veliki*, the grand, to distinguish it from the other. This once proud republic, the primitive Rome of the Sclavonians, having once numbered from seven to eight hundred thousand free citizens, is now reduced to six thousand inhabitants, mostly poor *Moujiks*. It has still, however, sixty-two churches. As Trieste was in some measure built with the spoils of Venice, so Petersburg was erected with materials from Novgorod, the very stones of whose palaces have been carried to the Neva. Russia is full of the ruins of ancient cities, destroyed in order to rear new ones; it is thus that the Czars have effected their improvements; more by the destruction of their neighbors, than by the development of their own resources and power.

Novgorod had produced, during seven centuries, magnanimous children, who sustained their stormy liberty against the mighty princes of Kyon and the Czars of Moscow; and whom Europe saw, with admiration, precipitating themselves against the armies of tyrants, with the battle-cry of freemen: "let us die for Saint Sophia!" that is to say, for the patron of our liberty. This city received her recompence. She became queen of all the commerce of the north, the

produce of which, she sent to Hanse, Lubeck, Hamburgh, Cologne, and even to the cities of France. The "Saint Sophia" of Novgorod, differs from that of Constantinople. Rising on a sacred eminence, its white spires glitter in the distance. Unhappily, by being repaired exteriorly, it has lost its primitive character, with the exception of the five plated cupolas with which it is surmounted, and which seem still to hold up to the skies the past glory of this republic. But the interior has been untouched. It is in the shape of the Greek cross, covered by a vast cupola filled with gigantic mosaics. A short nave, with twelve pillars, which shoot up like so many towers, a vault almost quite flat, so lowly pitched is the arch, present a singular contrast with the rotunda, which is fretted with statues of virgins and bishops of such ancient workmanship, that their origin is unknown, and which are said to have been brought from Kerson, the capital of Chersonesus. Nevertheless, neither the Chersonesians, nor any other orientals, presided over the cradle of the republic of the North, which always looked to Poland and the West for its lights and support. The beautiful brass gates are covered with biblical *basso-relievos*, which are well preserved.—Under Slavonic inscriptions, the eye every where beholds Roman saints, mixed, according to the custom of the times, with mythological figures. With respect to the inscriptions, they bear the Byzantine type, which was so common throughout Europe in the eleventh and thirteenth centuries.—These gates were, perhaps, executed by German emigrants, but upon Byzantine models. For the rest, the Slavonians, at this period, had not assumed their true character, but were, more or less, dependent, at the same time, on the Greeks and Latins, of whom their monuments bear the double character.

In the twelfth century, Novgorod

had a powerful rival in Sigtuna, capital of the Swedes; in 1188, she sent her fleet against her: she was taken and destroyed; and on her ruins, afterwards arose the modern Stockholm. But before this event, of which history has scarcely made mention, Novgorod had been frequently harrassed by the Scandinavians.

I visited the Convent of St. Anthony, which is situated in the midst of cultivated fields, over which are scattered the ruins of towers and palaces, once contained within the walls of the city. I was conducted by one of the monks to a rich and brilliant chapel, lately repaired, but which, unfortunately, has preserved no other vestige of its primitive foundation, in 1106, except a representation of the legend, which tells that the saint came among the Slavonians to oppose the progress of New Rome, Byzantium, that he crossed the seas on a mill-stone, and having arrived on the banks of the Volkof, he caused a fish which had been caught, to supply from its entrails all the riches necessary to found and endow this most magnificent of the Slavonic monasteries.

I offered a prayer before this shrine, for the final union of the Greek and Roman churches, which, if accomplished by mutual charity, would be the remedy to all the evils of the age; but saddened at the frightful wars which will necessarily prolong the schism between the two worlds, I returned to the city. I there beheld, sparkling in the distance, the silver cupolas of St. Sophia, behind which, went down the autumnal sun, pallid as a dying warrior. The heavy clouds which hung from the heavens, gave to the *tout ensemble* of the scene, that fantastic and formidable character, peculiar to nature in these hyperborean regions. The terrible traditions of this part of the world, besieged my fancy, when the first *Boudka* (the hut of the policemen) brought back

my thoughts to the present. I past the new wooden bridge, built upon piles of granite, in 1825, and which joins *Torgovaya* to the fortress, called *Sophispaya*. This was erected with red bricks by Solarius of Milan, in 1490; and resembles in its construction, the Roman castles and Greco-Gothic structures of the Italian republics.

As to *Slovensk*, that pagan city mentioned by the Goth Jornandes, under the name of Scлавiniūm, not a vestige of it remains, notwithstanding the important stand it holds in Slavonic archeology. For, from the mere fact of its existence, Russian writers infer the remote antiquity of the Slavonic establishments in these regions. But it cannot be proved, as Mr. Schnitzler pretends, that the Slavonians emigrated from the north to the south. Evidently, the purest and most primitive Slavonians, are those of the south-west, and their character is more marked in proportion as they approach the Danube and the Karpathes. In a word, the nerve of the Slavonic world is in the Turkish and Austrian monarchies. Russia is, nevertheless, the chief arm of the Slavonia. But with her extraordinary power of the sword and passive obedience, she advances but slowly in social improvement. The Slavonians were once free. Thrown by nature into a country little susceptible of being perfectly cultivated, those of the north cover a region, the extent of which is without any proportion to the number of its inhabitants, they were anciently styled by Procopius, *scattered, dispersed* —

which name they deserve at the present day. Petersburg is not the natural capital of Slavonia—even though, as her enthusiastic writers pretend, Scлавiniūm had been the first assylum opened to the Slavonic race against German and Tartar tyranny.

This Scлавiniūm is the most ancient city of the extreme north. A singular legend is connected with its construction, which recalls to our memory, that of Remus at the building of Rome. Whilst they were digging the foundations, the oracle of Volkof declared, that its walls would not be solid unless they placed under the corner-stone, the body of the first individual they should meet out of the precincts, on the day indicated by the priests. This victim was the young Detinets. But, to appease his manes, he was declared a god. This legend reminds us likewise of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, in order to secure the triumph of the Greek army marching to the siege of Troy. The principle of an innocent one, saving by his death, an army of guilty beings, inspires the two sacrifices offered to the god Detinets, and the nymph Iphigenia.—Thus, the Mongols, those degenerate brethren of the Slavonians, when at sea, their barque is in danger of being wrecked, throw into the deep a little child, in order to propitiate the angry children of Moskoi, or Russian Neptune. But the deformed mythology of the north, becomes softened and poetical in the south, where the Slavonian sings and brings out from his lyre, what in the north, is buried in embryo. The following is

AN ILLYRIAN BALLAD:

“Three sons of Merliav their fortress built
During three years, upon Boiana’s banks,
They reared up Skadar; for three years entire
Three hundred master-hands were at the work
But could advance it not: for, in the night,
The wall erected by them, during day,
Were thrown down by the *Vilas*; when began

The fourth year, from the top of a green hill
 The *Vila* thus cried to his elder brother :
 'Tsar Voukachine ! in vain is all thy work,
 In vain thou spendest all thy treasures there :
 How canst thou hope the citadel to build,
 If thou canst not secure its first foundations !
 Thou never wilt succeed, unless thou find
 The human couple *Stoiane* and *Stoiana*,*
 And they be placed beneath the corner-stone :
 Then, only, chief, thy dwelling will be strong,
 Then, only, will thy battlements arise.'

Thus spake the oracle ; and Voukachine
 Sent forth his faithful servant, Desimir,
 Upon a chariot, with six sacks of gold,
 'And go,' he said, 'my soul, and seek abroad
 Throughout the country, *Stoiane* and *Stoiana* :
 Whom, if thou findest, purchase with this gold.'
 Three years he sought throughout the universe
 Both *Stoiane* and *Stoiana* : but, alas !
 Upon the earth he could not find that couple.
 Back to his master, then, that pile erecting,
 He hasted ; when, from the deep forest cried
Vila, again : 'Hear, brothers, have ye not
 Each a loved spouse ? Let her who first appears
 On the Boiana bringing their repast
 Of morning to her masters, be forthwith
 Interred 'neath the foundations of the wall.
 Then, only, chief, thy dwelling will be strong,
 Then, only, will thy battlements arise.'
 Then swore the brothers never to reveal
 The secret to their wives—but to give up,
 As chance should guide the fated of the three.
 Night spread his sable wings, and to their tower
 Where the three women their repast prepared,
 They hie them—and betook them to repose.
 But in their chambers, neither Voukachine
 Nor Ouglieka could their secret keep :
 The third, Goiko, youngest of them all
 Despite his ardent love for his dear spouse
 His secret cherished. When the morning dawned
 Behold the sisters go forth from the tower
 Brilliant and active as the matin-dawn.
 But the most busy is Goiko's wife ;
 And though her aged mother bade her stay,
 She hastes to carry to Boina's banks
 The laborer's repast—leaving behind
 Her babe which had seen but one only moon.
 The venerable grand dame rocked the crib :
 When coming towards the stream, Goiko sees
 His tender spouse, he rushes round her neck
 Covers her face with kisses and with tears.
 But Voukachine seized on the youthful woman,
 And carried her to Rad, the master-builder,
 Who summoned round him his three hundred workmen.
 She looked with smiling eyes upon the crowd
 Deeming they jested :—but it was no jest.
 The building must go up—and round the spouse

* *Strength*, male and female.

Stones upon stones and trunks of trees are heaped
 Until they rose above her knees—and yet
 She smiled, still deeming that it was in sport.
 But they heaped on—until her waist was covered,
 When the poor victim her sad fate divined.
 She called upon her brothers—but they turned
 From all her wailings their deaf ears away.
 Then to the master-builder she exclaimed :
 ‘O thou, my brother, leave one aperture
 Around my breast, that I may be enabled
 At least to nourish with my milk my child
 My sweet Jovane !’ By the name of God
 Conjured, the master architect was moved,
 And left the aperture. She cried again :
 ‘Dear brother leave two little windows which
 My eyes may look through, that they may behold
 My babe, Jovane, when they bring him hither !’
 He melted ; and left windows for her eyes.
 Thus Skadar rose : and every day was brought
 The child, and placed before the solid wall.
 One entire week his mother nourished him,
 And then her voice was silenced—but her breast
 Continued fresh with milk of which he drank :
 And even to this day, the miracle
 Seems to continue ; for poor mothers who
 Cannot give suck, their infants hither bring,
 Where they are nourished with Jovane’s milk.”

To the north of Novgorod, is the
 lake *Bielo ozero*, which, perhaps has
 given its name to *Russia alba*. On
 its banks, stood the altar of the god
 of Light (*bieloi-bog*). But in the river
 of Volkof, swam an enormous dragon,
 the terrible black god (*Tcherni-bog*),
 the genius of cloud and evil : to this
 monster, it was necessary, in order
 to appease his wrath, to sacrifice pure
 animals. Nevertheless, the *Slov-
 enians*, trembling before this genius of
 the abyss, styled themselves children
 of the light ; and Novgorod was con-
 secrated to the sun and spring—the
 capital of the favored lands of heaven.

Fuit Ilion, et ingens gloria,

I repeated to myself, on quitting this
 subjugated city. Yes, thy glory was

great, O Novgorod, friend and sister
 of Poland ! She and thou, formed
 two beautiful and noble republics, ye
 united the commerce of the east and
 the west. Adieu, martyred city !
 Vast Necropolis, where slumber so
 many thousand confessors of Slavo-
 nic law and liberty. Thy remem-
 brances will reanimate both one day.
 Thou hast fallen, but thy blood ming-
 led with that of Poland, has fertili-
 zed this land. Political catacomb of
 ancient Russia, genius of the popular
 revolutions that brood on the Neva,
 adieu ! Thou wast the young mother
 buried by thy own spouse under the
 walls of the citadel—but who still
 nourishest thy children with thy gen-
 erous milk.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE DEATH-BED SCENE.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HAPPINESS, &c.

So when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,
The blessed dead to endless youth shall rise;
And hear the archangel's thrilling summons blend
Its tone with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,
Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand;
Where love her crown obtains—her trials past—
And fill'd with rapture, hails the "better land."

There was a heavy silence in the magnificent apartment, for Christopher Carelton, the young heir, lay panting with fever, and almost unconscious of the presence of those around him. The fatal decision had been pronounced; the inheritor of wealth and distinction—the beautiful and spoiled child of prosperity, was to be snatched from his parents and hid in the cold earth.

Peter, the father, walked impatiently up and down the room; from the large windows with their heavy crimson curtains, that threw a mock glow on the cheek of his child, to the oak door with its ivory handles and curious carving. He paused and gazed in the faces of the three physicians whom a vain care had assembled around the bed—and a cold thrill passed through his heart. He thought of the joy and bell-ringing, at the birth of his beautiful and sickly boy; and of his ambitious hopes; of his hatred for his cousin—and he flung himself into a seat with sullen despondency.

The physicians continued to converse in an under tone; and while apparently consulting on the fate of their patient, communicated to each other the news of the day—family

grievances and political intrigues.—From time to time, there was a pause—a glance at the bed—and then they conversed again.

A little apart from the medical group, sat the sick nurse, drowsily examining the fine linen belonging to the dying child, which she knew would be hers, according to promise, as soon as the breath had left the body.

Close to the bed, stood the young boy's own attendant, a French widow, who had been induced by distress, to attend the sickly and wayward offspring. The quiet sorrow of many years of trial, was written on her face. Her relations had been butchered in the streets of Paris, or murdered by the guillotine; her two children had suddenly died, when the depth of her poverty disabled her from procuring the common necessities of life—her husband had perished of a broken heart, without being able to bid her farewell.

Sorrow has one thing in common with prosperity—it makes us selfish. The feelings that have been wrung intensely, remain numbed and incapable of deep sympathy in the afflictions of others.

The widow, standing by the death-

bed of her little charge, could not but grieve over him, for there are few hearts in which a child's faults will inspire dislike. She could not but remember the death-bed of her charming children—and the tears stole down her wasted cheek as she watched; but the predominant feeling of her mind was a dread of the approaching desolateness of her situation:—a few hours more, and she would be again thrown upon the world without a home—without friends—a lonely being, to endure the taunts of some, and the insulting compassion of others; and this thought was the bitterest of her heart. Was there, then, no one among the gilded pomp, and and crowded luxuries of this chamber of death, who cared for the individual being of the boy, whose numbered breathings still became shorter and shorter? Was the ambition of his father—the interest of his physicians—the mercenary calculations of the hired watcher of his feverish nights—the half selfish regrets of the widowed French woman—was this all that stood between his soul and heaven? all that rose from mortal hearts to tempt God to spare the frail life which he has given so lately? Was there no wild prayer, like that which David breathed in the agony of his soul, when the child of his sin was taken from him? Was there no *mother*, in whose gentle heart all was nothing in comparison to his existence? There was.

Pale and exhausted, her dark and eager eyes clouded and heavy with watching, sat Sarah the mother, by the bed of her dying child. Grandeur, and power, and wealth—the possession of riches; what were they to her, to him? Life was all she desired—*his* life, which gold could not buy—pride could not command: his life, and her soul would be satisfied. She held his hand in hers, afraid to move, afraid to speak; his languid head rested heavily on her bosom; and

cramped, chilled and aching, as she felt, she yet smiled bitterly when the sick nurse offered to relieve her of her precious burden. Relieve her! It might be the last time his head should ever rest on her breast—the last time his breath might be warm on her cheek; and as the thought passed through her mind, the wan smile quivered off her lip, and a slight shudder told that she had choked back the tears, which shed, might have broken his slumber. Day-light faded away, the gleams of parting sunset ceased to shed a glory through the room; the rolling of carriages became less frequent, and the lamps shone through the close fog of an autumn.

Oh! how strong is a mother's affection! When all things else around us, are fleeting away and breaking, and when in spite of them all, the bonds of maternal love are undimmed, and it clasps our shattered beings and spirits in its firm embrace, like the rainbow, bending, unmoved and unchanged, over the scattered waters of a cataract!

What a soul-stirring sight, to see woman at the couch of sickness—sustaining the fainting head—offering to the parched lips its cordial—to the craving palate its simple nourishment—treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid, when he says:

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But blooming roses, wet with dew
To cool my burning brow instead.

Disposing the sun-light upon the pale forehead; bathing the hair with ointment, and settling upon it, the air that breathes of heaven. How lovely are such exhibitions of ever-enduring constancy. How they appear to the soul, like the person mentioned in Canticles, whose fingers when she went to open the door, were “dripping with

sweet smelling myrrh upon the handle of the lock." The husband and father, approached the bed, his harsh though handsome features, were dark with despair; he set his teeth and folded his arms as he gazed on his son's face, for death had thrown a deeper shadow there, since last he looked on him.

"If you had taken more care of yourself," murmured he, with bitterness, "before our infant was born, he would not have been dying now; it would have been better never to have had an heir, than to watch this poor boy, through years of ill health, and see him die at last."

He lifted his eyes, as he spoke, to the face of his young wife, as if he feared the impression of his own words. But she heard them not. Worn out with watching, she had yielded to a torpor between sleep and faintness—her pale cheek rested near that of her boy, whom she still clasped to her bosom, and her heavy, half closed eyes, still glistened with tears.

"Julia," said he, in an altered tone, "this has been too much for you, come away, and rest."

She started wildly, and exclaimed: "Is he dead—is he dead?"

A low moan of suffering, recalled her to herself. In vain the physicians advised; in vain, her husband intreated.

"No," said she, "it will soon be over; *then*—then, indeed, I may rest."

The day had faded: night crept on. The mother rose and looked from the windows on the dim trees opposite, and the line of lamps which lit the street. The confused murmur of night fell upon the ear, and involuntarily she reflected, how often in the heated assembly, the crowded ball, she had sought a moment's coolness on the balcony, and never, as now, felt how many signs of pain—how many drunken shouts—how many sounds of revelry, joy, sorrow, an-

guish, and fear, had mingled in the confused murmur which is termed the *silence* of night. Awful silence! In which every human passion mingles without power to convey itself to the listening ear.

Suddenly, the sound of music, distinctly audible, smote on her heart; there was a ball within three doors of her house!

"Alas! my dying boy," said the sad mother, as she returned to his bedside.

The music continued, but it was faintly heard within the room; it could not disturb him; *that* was comfort. Through the long and weary watches of the night, the well-known airs haunted her; music and dancing within three doors of her, and *she* sat waiting for the last gasp of that failing breath.

The night passed away; the long, tedious night: day-dawn, came bright and blue, through the window; the last carriage rolled from the door of the lighted house: the last guest departed; the mother still sat by the sick bed, listless and weary; she turned her eyes to the dawning light, it seemed to her then, as if *one* day more were a boon—as if to watch another sunrise, another sunset, in an uncertainty which admitted of wild and unreasonable hope, were something to be thankful for, and she knelt and prayed that he might not die *that* day.

Christopher awoke; he called feebly and mournfully for water—the cup of embossed gold was lifted to his parched lips, but in vain; the lips parted, and a smile lit his brow; evidently, there was a sudden cessation from pain.

"Mother—mother," he whispered, "I am well, now."

Sarah bent over him—lower and lower she bent, as he sank back, and and then a wild shriek told that hope and fear were over.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

LETTER OF DR. CWAY, A MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF BOHEMIA.

WITH NOTES, BY VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

In the *Annali delle scienze religiose* of Rome, we find a letter of Dr. Cway, minister of the Anglican church, to the Archbishop of Bohemia, in consequence of having been requested by that prelate to give his opinion upon a letter which came out in the *Univers* of Paris, expressing the sentiments of the Church of England, as to the union with the Church of Rome. Dr. Cway's letter has been translated from the Italian, for the Expositor, by a friend, and we have added some notes.

Carlsbad, July 17th, 1841.

MY LORD,

I have read with great attention, an article on the Anglican church, which your eminence has deigned to send me, and I have no doubt that your goodness will permit me to give expression to my opinions on this subject. But, that there may be no misunderstanding in regard to my object, I should, first of all, declare, that I do not, by any means, pretend to *dispute*; inasmuch, as it is not for me to enter into controversy with a venerable father of the church, to whom I would very willingly have recourse in order to be instructed in the religion of Jesus Christ—(1) that religion which you inculcate, not only by doctrine, but far more, by a life worthy a true successor of the apostles. Wherefore, I beseech you, my lord, not to accuse me of a desire to open a *discussion*; I only wish to express the sentiments of the clergy of the Anglican church, who, indeed, would be but little known if it were thought

that the letter published in the *Univers* were really an exposition of those sentiments.

If I had returned the article unaccompanied by any remark, my silence might be considered as consent; and as I maintain that the letter in question does not convey our sentiments, it is proper that I should at least give my reasons for this opinion.

In the first place, then, it is my conviction that this letter was not written by a *member*, much less by an *ecclesiastic*, of the Anglican church: it rather appears to have been written by a member of the church of Rome, or, at least, of some Protestant communion, and, in either case, with the evident intention of sowing divisions in the Anglican church, and demonstrating that the great Catholic movement, which, by the grace of God, is now going on amongst us, must necessarily bring us over to Rome.(2) Behold, here, what our adversaries, even in the bosom of our own church, and the *ultra-Protestant party*, (3) continually reproach us with; behold the idea which they diffuse, and which excites our brethren and co-religionists against us. Confident that a house divided against itself cannot stand long, the Protestant dissenting communions endeavor to give weight to this accusation, for the purpose of exciting the Catholic and *pietist* parties against each other.(4) This is the reason why I believe that this letter has not been written by one of us. Its spirit is founded upon truth, but itself is spun out to exaggeration.

And even admitting that the letter in question was written by a member of the University of Oxford, he is, according to his own confession, a young member, and probably he has not received even the minor orders of our church; he is, moreover, a laic, and, without doubt, he has not yet obtained the degree of Master of Arts, for, if he had this title, he would have subjoined it to his signature. Hence, it follows, that the author of this letter cannot be regarded by us as *authority*. But, to come at the very root of the question, I confess that this letter manifests very truly our sentiments of respect and good-will towards the Church of Rome, and shows that on our side there is not the least animosity against her. The writer is also right, when he speaks of our willingness to enter into amicable relations, and even into *communion*, with the Church of Rome,(5) provided she make some few steps towards us, as we are disposed to do with regard to her. But in order to put ourselves in relation with Rome, many changes would be necessary, and these so very great, that I am forced to fear they cannot conveniently take place.(6)—Moreover, although we greatly desire to unite ourselves with the different branches of the church, yet we cannot regard our isolation as an evil, for it is, according to our way of viewing it, the effect of necessity, and not of free choice.(7) Without mentioning here the differences in doctrine, a formidable obstacle is placed between our union with the church to which you belong: and this is, the supremacy of the pope.

We, indeed, respect the pope as the head, the acknowledged patriarch of a large branch of the church: as the Bishop of Rome, we would be happy to award him a place among the first bishops; but we could never acknowledge him to be the bishop of bishops,(8) the prince of the universal church. To every attempt to

force us, who belong to the English branch of the church, into the acknowledgment of his supremacy, we would answer, as the ancient British ecclesiastics answered to St. Augustin, when he came to England to convert the Saxon pagans, and subject them to the pope:(9) "We have," said they, "our own primate, the Bishop of St. David's; we will not by any means recognise the Bishop of Rome as our head." And we, also, of the present day, would make the same answer: "We have our primate, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and we do not at all acknowledge the authority of a foreign ecclesiastic.—We, it is true, admit that the pope is one of the first Christian bishops; but when he presumes to exercise authority over us, who are not subject to his jurisdiction, we discover that he is constituting himself *ἄλλὰ τριεπίσκοπος*. We well know that our primate is the successor of St. Augustin,(10) but we do not believe ourselves obliged to recognise the head of the church of Rome as our head; after having passed under the dominion of a foreign power,(11) we have finally recovered our liberty;(12) our position is not all new; we are the same church that existed before the reign of Henry VIII.(13) We were, formerly, a branch of the church in subjection to another branch; but we have now regained our independence."

These, my lord, are the real sentiments of our clergy, and your eminence will perceive that they are far different from those expressed by the author of the letter published in the French journal, *l'Univers*. We, in truth, sigh for a reunion, but a reunion of which the pope would not be the head; one, at least, in which *only the primacy of honor would be questioned*, and this, perchance, might be conceded to the importance and antiquity of the see of Rome. Although our church was, some centuries ago, confined to our own country,(14) yet we

are of opinion that this isolation did not cause her to lose her position ; for we regard communion with the other branches of the church, as an *accidental* thing, and not *essential*, so long as we possess the orders, and maintain unbroken the apostolical succession, as we are persuaded we have done.(15)

I consider that our isolation is already at an end, and this seems to be the effect of that catholic spirit, with which God has animated us in these latter times. Great efforts are made by us to propagate the Anglican church throughout the whole world.(16) Our vast colonies receive every where, bishops of our church. The most important and powerful communion in the United States of America, is the Anglican church.(17) Thus, there are grounds for believing that in another century, the Anglican church will embrace the universe, as the Church of Rome may well glory to have done.(18) We would consider ourselves happy to enjoy the advantage of being in communion with that great branch of the church, to which your eminence belongs (the conditions of this union being such as we desire), but let it not be thought that it is so because Anglicanism is in a state of affliction and desolation, as the author is pleased to represent her.

This young member of the University of Oxford, by quoting No. 90 of the *Tracts for the Times*, has given an exposition of our doctrines in a manner not altogether just. These tracts were written, for the most part, with the best intention, and they have been blessed by God as one of the means which it hath pleased him to make use of, for the purpose of reanimating the catholic spirit amongst us. But even amongst those who admire the tracts, the ninetieth has been generally disapproved. The University of Oxford has solemnly condemned it ; our bishop has done as much, and

our primate has emphatically told me, that he disapproved many things contained in it. Hence, it follows, that tract No. 90, quoted by the author as a proof of our doctrine, is of no authority whatsoever, that it is a prohibited work, and can no longer be appealed to in this conjuncture,—in the same way, for example, as a book condemned by the *Congregation of the Index*, cannot be quoted as giving a true idea of the doctrines of the Church of Rome. Moreover, the writer of the letter does not give an exact idea of this tract. Mr. Newman, its author, is a pious, learned and honorable person. He saw that in our church there were individuals but little satisfied with our articles of faith and formularies, who, for the most part, desired some changes that would bring them back again nearer to the primitive forms ; in such circumstances, he sought to tranquilize their consciences by demonstrating to them that our articles and formularies were such as to satisfy even those whose opinions differed somewhat from the opinions professed by the generality of our co-religionists, and that they were not obliged, on account of trifling differences of opinion, to abandon the Anglican communion.

Mr. Newman also showed, that in many points of difference between the Church of Rome, and the Anglican Church, the latter condemned the *usages* and *practices*, rather than the doctrines of Rome. The author has made a distinction between the things that are essential to the Church of Rome, and the abuses, which, in his opinion, are commanded and practiced in it. For example he says : that our church, in her formularies, does not condemn all veneration of saints and relics ; but that there is a certain veneration which he calls *Roman*, and which he regards as rejected by our church ; whence it follows that an Anglican may venerate relics without incurring the obligation of separating

from his church. I quote this to your eminence as an example. The author also says, that every kind of prayer for the dead is not condemned in our articles, for we have seen such prayers in use by the ancient church. He says, moreover, that the Roman doctrines condemned by our formularies, are not those of the Council of Trent, inasmuch as our formularies were compiled before that council was held. For my part, I do not wish to pass judgment on the tracts of Mr. Newman.(19) In them, I find a variety of things to condemn, and others to praise; but I am firmly of opinion, that they contain doctrines, such, for example, as the one relating to the manner in which our Lord is present in the eucharist, which are not such as to prevent a union between the two churches; a union, for other reasons, much to be desired.

I avail myself of your indulgent goodness, my lord, to send you this brief expression of the ideas of the Catholic party in England, which I believe to be more true than that which was sent to the *Univers*.—There is an old proverb, which says: "He who endeavors to prove too much, proves nothing," and I believe the present is a case in which it may be applied. Without being disposed to precipitate ourselves, with open arms, into the bosom of the Church of Rome, we fully value the benefits which this union would confer on the world; but before such a union can take effect, the Church of Rome (I beg, my lord, a thousand times pardon for what I presume to say), must, in our opinion, undergo many changes. I am persuaded that we, rather than enter into communion with her in her present state, would be ready to suffer death.(20) But, nevertheless, we shall always respect this ancient branch of the church; we shall always have the greatest respect for her; and you Catholics will

never find us making common cause with the ultra-Protestants in their animosity and violence against you.

With these sentiments, I have the honor, &c.,

HAMILTON CWAY.

NOTES.

(1.) Hence the Roman Catholic doctrine is the religion of Jesus Christ, for that prelate could teach him no other.

(2.) If the *Catholic movement* does not bring them over to Rome, where will it bring them to? Not to the primitive Protestant church, from which is an evident deviation; not to any of the sects, the history of which we know. It is a Catholic movement against Protestantism, excited by the *grace of God*, and therefore, Protestantism was a movement against Catholicity excited by the devil. At all events, this *Catholic movement* is for a reformation of the Reformation, with which it appears that our Lord is not pleased.

(3.) What rule can minister Cway follow, to ascertain who are the *ultra-Protestants*? We do not know that Protestantism has, or can have, any principle to guide us in such classification. According to the very foundation of Protestantism, that is, the right of *private judgment*, there is nothing to tell a man to stop here. Besides, the present *Catholic movement* of England, has called the attention of all parties, Protestant as well as Catholic, because it is against the general belief of Protestants, hitherto, and at the present time. Therefore, all must have been, and are, *ultra-Protestants*, which is an absurd assertion, for that cannot be *ultra* any doctrine or system, which is according to it, as explained and believed by the generality of its followers. Those whom minister Cway calls *ultra-Protestants*, should be called obstinate

Protestants, who do not correspond to the grace of God, which causes the present Catholic movement in England. Can there be a plainer acknowledgment of the deviation of the Church of England from the true Catholic church, than to say, that there is in that church a *Catholic movement by the grace of God?*

(4.) The very existence of these two parties, proves that the Church of England is divided, and minister Cway affords us still another proof, by saying, that some even *in the very bosom* of their church, continually reproach them, &c. Besides, he speaks of a *Catholic party*, and consequently the opposite is not a Catholic, and both claim to be the true Church of England. Is it not divided? But minister Cway properly acknowledges the scriptural sentence, that *a house divided against itself cannot stand long*. Hence he must admit that the Church of England cannot stand long.

(5.) We are glad to observe that the *Catholic movement which now takes place* in England, *by the grace of God*, has produced these good feelings, and that the Church of Rome is no longer Babylon the Great, from which the true children of God should come out, lest should they perish.

(6.) It is very strange, indeed, to say the least, that the author should say that the Church of England would enter into *communion* with the Church of Rome, *provided she make a FEW steps* towards them; and immediately he says, that in order to put themselves in relation with Rome, *MANY changes would be necessary, and these so very GREAT* that he is forced to fear they cannot *conveniently* take place.

(7.) Whoever freely causes a necessity, makes a free choice of it, and, therefore, it is very strange, that a minister of the Church of England would tell us, that his church freely established doctrines, and separated itself not only from Rome, but from the whole Christian world, and not-

withstanding its isolation, is not the effect of free choice. According to this way of reasoning, every heresy and every schism can be justified by only saying that their isolation is not the effect of choice. At all events, he confesses the *isolation* of the Church of England, and he greatly desires the union with the *different branches of the church*. He is, therefore, with none of them, much less can he pretend to consider his church as their stock, and surely there must be one, for the very idea of branches supposes them to be parts of a tree, supported by a common stock. Which is then this stock? It can be no other than the Church of Rome, recognised as such at every period of Christianity, and the separation from which has been considered as schism. He desires the union with the different branches of the church, and it cannot be done unless all of them be united, forming the tree; therefore he actually desires and feels the necessity of union with the only church that can be the stock. Indeed, the metaphor of a tree, by which the church of Christ has always been represented, that several branches of the church separated, can never compose the church, as several separated branches of a tree can never compose it, but, on the contrary, they will always be the parts separated from the tree. We should like to ascertain which are those branches alluded to by minister Cway. Will he call the church of Rome a branch? We would then beg him to tell us from what other church has she been separated, and to which she was formerly united? This would be a great task, and it would bring him to confess that he separated himself from us; but we never separated ourselves from any other. He may not *regret* such *separation*, as he says, but he certainly ought to regret it, bitterly.

We hope that minister Cway will not deny the possibility and awfulness

of schism, but according to the doctrine he appears at least to hold there can never be schism or separation from the communion with the true church. Every separated branch will claim the right of being the church and consequently the stock from which the others are separated, and therefore none of them could be properly convicted and charged with schism. Moreover, which can be those branches, we ask once more? Does he mean the different sects, holding doctrines which the Church of England openly condemns. This would be absurd. Does he mean that the sects would cease to be such?—Then it would be a destruction of them but not a communion with them. His desire is a very curious one indeed.

(8.) St. Gregory the Great who sent St. Augustin to England, positively refused the title of *bishop of bishops*, so as to signify that the bishops have no authority in virtue of their consecration, but that they are mere subjects and agents of the pope, so as to be no episcopacy but in the Roman pontiff. In this sense, we all agree in believing that neither the pope, or any other, is the bishop of bishops.—But we certainly believe that the pope has a general jurisdiction over every member of the Church of Christ without destroying the jurisdiction that every bishop has in his own diocese.

(9.) If St. Augustin was sent to convert the *Saxon pagans*, the *British ecclesiastics* had no right whatever to oppose him, for they had no jurisdiction upon *pagans*. This part of the letter is a specimen of Protestant contradiction.

(10.) If their primate is the successor of St. Augustin, he must derive his authority from, and belong to the church to which St. Augustin belonged, that is, to the Roman church, and minister Cway should not mention the British ecclesiastics and their Bishop of St. David's, from whom St.

Augustin received no authority, and even was not in communion with them.

(11.) Therefore, had not the Church of Rome passed to the *dominion of a foreign power*, the Church of England would have been obliged to recognise the pope as her head, or rather, would have had continued recognizing him, as she always did from the beginning till the Reformation. But the supremacy of the pope must either be recognised as a human pretension, or admitted as a divine institution. Consequently, if it be admitted, it must be of such a nature that no human action or event can destroy it, and the circumstance of its being found endowed with a foreign power, will never affect it, as it does not affect any other divine institution. It is evident, therefore, that the *pretext* of the union of the civil and spiritual power will never justify the separation from the church. Moreover, the pope was a prince long before the Reformation, and no theologian of the Church of England ever thought that such event would destroy, or even alter in the least, the supremacy of the pope.—The Church of England, as *such*, that is, merely of England, was not in existence; but the Roman church was then in England in perfect and calm tranquil possession, without any reluctance or opposition whatever.—The *foreign power* has nothing to do in the church and it is not recognised by any Catholic.

(12.) Minister Cway, knows very well the influence that the idea of *recovering liberty*, has in the human mind, and, therefore, he pretends that his church has recovered her own.—By this means, he excites the animosity of the people against the Roman Catholic Church, which he represents as a tyrannical usurper. Let us examine the point coolly and charitably. At first, we must observe, that in matters of religion there is no servitude nor liberty in the *human sense*,

that is, as supposing either a painful privation of personal rights, or a faculty of acting as we please according to said rights. A truly religious man obeys cheerfully, and considers himself *free* from error in so doing—on the contrary, he does not consider himself at liberty to do as he pleases, but as it pleases God. Consulting now the history of the Church of England and that of the Britons, let us investigate whether minister Cway has any proper ground to say, that his church has only recovered her liberty.

Should minister Cway allude to the first Christians among the Britons, when he speaks of the liberty they possessed, and is now recovered, he must remember that they came from Rome, and there is nothing in history to prove that they ever were separated from the Roman pontiff, on the contrary, there is a powerful reason to believe that they were united, as we may be convinced of by a few historical observations. Probably, Christianity was introduced into Britain from the very time of the apostles, for St. Clement speaks of the labors of St. Paul towards that part of the world; and St. Chrysostom in the sermon of St. Paul, expressly speaks of his having introduced the gospel among the Britons. They were then in as perfect union with Rome as the other churches formed by the preaching of St. Paul, and therefore the pope (St. Clement), takes notice of them. Christianity, however, did not flourish much, or soon decayed there, as is proved by the fact of King Lucius, in the second century, sending his ambassadors to Pope Eleutherius, in order to have Christianity preached in his kingdom, and the pope sending S. Fugantius and S. Damianus, by whom Lucius was baptized, and Christianity spread in that country. Why did Lucius send to Rome his ambassadors? Surely, because according to the information received by the few Christians that were about him, Rome

was the principal church, and the one they considered as their mother. But if we are told (against the testimony of history) that there were bishops and flourishing churches in Britain when Lucius was converted, the argument will be still more in our favor, because it would prove at once that Lucius considered the pope as the head of all those bishops.

The Church of Britain remained in perfect peace and in correspondence with Rome, till the time of Dioclesian, and afterwards, when, we may say, that it was possessed by barbarous nations, for it was disturbed in such a manner, that nothing almost remained of its former state. Christianity then suffered much, and the communication with Rome was interrupted. Ignorance of the true principles was increased, and a separation *de facto*, or from circumstances, took place, without any dissension, which is proved by the silence of history on this subject, which certainly would not have been passed unnoticed. They probably were as ignorant of the cause of their separation as the envoy of Queen Bruncehilde was, in the sixth century, who could not account to Pope Gregory for the reason of their schism, as we find in the epistle of that pope on the subject, where he says: *Having asked the person you sent to me, why he lived separated from the church, he confessed that he did not know the reason*, (St. Greg. Ind. II., ep. 113.) Which is, then, that liberty, that the Church of England had, but lost and now so happily recovers? If minister Cway applies to the first British Christians, they were united to the Church of Rome; if he applies to those of the time of King Lucius, they certainly were Roman; if he applies to the times of barbarism, he may have that liberty, but I do not think he will accept of it; if he speak of the times of St. Augustin, we need not tell him that must be Roman. What then? He

must confess that all the *great words* of liberty lost and recovered are only a pretext to excuse a modern and real apostacy.

(13.) The Church of England, before the reign of Henry VIII., was not only subject to the pope, but also entertained all the doctrines now condemned by the present Church of England. It cannot, therefore, be the same church, unless minister Cway chooses to call her so, only because it is found in the same land.—According to such way of reasoning, the Donatists also could say, that their church was the same African Church which existed before Donatus.

(14.) However the Catholic or universal church!!

(15.) All the schismatics and heretics that existed before the Protestant Church of England, and which are condemned by her, kept the true orders and apostolical succession *in the way she does*. But is it true that the Church of England possesses the true orders and apostolical succession? Our readers will not expect that we should enter in this note into that controversy, and we will only refer them to the excellent treatise lately written on this subject by two praiseworthy bishops of the American hierarchy, that is, Bishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, of Philadelphia, in his treaty *De Ordinationibus Anglicanis*, which is found in the 4th vol. of his *Theologia Dogmatica*, and his learned brother, Bishop Peter Kenrick, coadjutor of the Bishop of St. Louis, in his new work on *Anglican Ordinations*, published last year in Philadelphia. We shall make, however, a few general observations. The controversy is upon two points, one of *fact*, and another of *doctrine*: Whether the consecration of Parker did take place, and if it did, whether it was a canonical one, so that the consecrated prelate would receive both ordination and jurisdiction. As to the fact, we must reflect that Parker being the first pre-

late consecrated according to the new order of things, by a *mandate* of Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church of England in opposition to popery; such consecration would have been the most public and splendid one, so that not only England but the whole world should notice it, in order to establish at once Protestantism legally organized. But nothing was said about it, but long time after it was supposed to have taken place. Moreover, the multitude of Catholic authors who came forward against the imperfect and altogether suspicious record brought to light by Protestants, would have been confounded by public opinion, and the witnesses of Parker's consecration, and it is morally impossible for them to be so incautious as to expose themselves to such a treatment. Moreover, who can believe that the government of England would not have taken any precautions to secure the authenticity of such a fact, and have that record so fixed, as to preclude every future doubt. This appears to us sufficient proof that Parker was never consecrated.

As to the point of doctrine, the form of consecration prescribed by Edward VI., which is said to have been used in the consecration of Parker, does not express any thing of episcopacy, and therefore it does not constitute a bishop, no more than it would constitute a priest or a deacon. As to jurisdiction, Edward VI. and Elizabeth, and all that set, could give none. Consequently there is no use to talk about the ministry of the Church of England.

(16.) Then the Church of England will be the catholic church, and London will be the modern Rome, and all will be right, and there will be no more arguments, no more complaints of tyranny and ecclesiastical oppression. In a word, let the Roman Pope be out of the way, and we shall have an *English* Pope, the head of an *English* church, to guide us all to the *English* heaven.

(17.) Is it by richness that the Anglican church is the most important in the U.S. of America? Let them never say a word more about the richness of the Roman Church, or rather, let them confess that they owe their influence only to their money, which is a proper feature of a *Christian church*, indeed. Even so, I would advise minister C. to examine the point a little more, and he may find that it is not altogether so correct a statement. As to the Catholics, we grant that we are the poorest; we are not a *fashionable* church, and, notwithstanding, we increase rapidly. If the Anglican church in America is considered the most influential, on account of the number of its members, it is another mistake, for that church is very far from being the most numerous. According to Mitchell's Geography, published in Philadelphia last year, the number of individuals belonging to different denominations in the United States, is as follows:

Baptists, 4,300,000; Methodists, 3,000,000; Presbyterians, 2,175,000; Congregationalists, 1,400,000; Catholics, 800,000; Episcopalians, 600,000.

We do not transcribe the number of individuals as to several denominations which are less numerous, because our object is only to show that the Episcopalians, far from being the most numerous in America, are the sixth in the list, and that we Catholics have 200,000 more than they have.

It is astonishing, indeed, that at the same time that the Church of England is losing ground even in England itself, and the Catholic Church gaining more than ever, a minister of the Anglican church would write in the above terms to a Catholic prelate.—Very judiciously, he does not say a word about Canada, for he knows that is a complete Catholic country, where

the Church of England is only the church of the government, and of a certain number for particular reasons. He also knows that their missionaries could never convert a single Indian, so much so, that the government has given up the notion of trying to send them, and now gives yearly a sum of money to every Catholic priest employed in the conversion and civilization of the Indians. Some years ago, the government, anxious to establish the Protestant church among the Indians, sent missionaries with a great many presents, and among them several blankets.—The Indians were very much pleased; but no sooner had the missionaries commenced to teach them the new doctrine, than the chief of the tribe told them: "Your blankets are very good, but your religion is very bad," and dismissed them. We were informed of this event by the Sulpicians at Montreal Seminary.

(18.) The good minister becomes at once a prophet, but the reader may judge of the merit of his prophecy. He should rather have prophesied, that in a century, there would be no Church of England, and such prophecy, fanciful and arbitrary as it may be, would have still better grounds than the romantic one he has made.

(19.) He had better pass no judgment on the tracts of Mr. Newman, for, imperfect as they are as to Catholicity, they may be considered as its preliminary, and by entering into an examination of these points, he might be compelled to give more publicity to the fact of Professor Newman being almost a Catholic, and also his numerous scholars, as the reader may conclude from a letter of Dr. W. inserted in our present number.

(20.) Let them keep their wives and the means to support them, and no other alteration will be wanted.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

VOLTAIRE'S LIFE,* POLITICAL, LITERARY AND MORAL.

BY M. LEPAN.

CHAPTER I.

Francis Mary Arouet, better known under the name of Voltaire, was the son of Francis Arouet, and Margaret L'Aumart. He was born at Châtenay, above Sceaux, two leagues and a half from Paris, on the 20th February, 1694. His weakness was such as to prevent his being conveyed to the church for baptism; his parents, therefore, were obliged to content themselves with a private baptism, and for nine months, he was wavering, as it were, between life and death. It was only at the end of that time, that they indulged the hope of rearing him. On the twenty-second day of November, the rites of solemn baptism were performed on him at the church of St. André des Arts.

Francis Mary Arouet, spent the first years of his life with Armand Arouet, his elder brother, of whom it may be said, that if he was not endowed with the same brilliancy and vivacity, he was not at least deficient in wit. It was a pleasure for the family, to hear them contend together and to listen to the epigrams they launched at one another; and it was even then remarked that the younger brother generally had the advantage in these "wordy wars." Some of these sallies of wit having come to the knowledge of Ninon de Lenclos, that celebrated woman bequeathed two thousand livres to him to

enable him to commence a library for himself.

He had attained his tenth year, when his father, in 1704, placed him at the College of Louis-le-Grand, which was under the management of the Jesuits, who have made so many bright scholars. His natural disposition, could not but fructify in their hands,† and accordingly he was very successful. He studied rhetoric, under Father Porée and Father Lejay; one had the morning class, the other the evening class. Father Porée singled out that pupil from among the others, and Arouet loved this Jesuit. That was not the case with Father Lejay. One day, on the occasion of a repartee, which the disciple retorted upon the professor, the latter exclaimed: "Unhappy boy, you will one day become the standard of Deism in France." The prediction of the good father has been but too well realized. Father Palu had no less accurately foreseen his character, when he said: "That child is maddened by the thirst after celebrity." No man ever obtained as much of it, it will be seen in the sequel, as he acquired by incessant efforts, and by the boldest schemes.‡

† It is remarked by many, that Voltaire who respected nobody, always considered the Jesuits, at least, as scholars, and although a monster of ingratitude, always evinced some affection for his teachers.

‡ Ambition and modesty never are together. *True* glory is grounded on virtue, while the *vain one* resorts to bold schemes. Candor proclaims the former, hypocrisy the latter.

* Translated for the Catholic Expositor, from the sixth Paris edition, 1838, by a lady, with notes by the very Rev. Felix Varela, D. D.

He had just completed his course of rhetoric, when J. B. Rousseau who was present at the distribution of the prizes awarded to the successful scholars, in 1710, noticed that Arouet was called up twice, and enquired of Father Tarteron, who he was; Father Tarteron sent for him, and he was embraced by the greatest of the French poets, to whom he sent, two years afterwards, an ode which he had composed for the prize proposed by the academy. He considered it a duty to consult Rousseau, and in addition to friendship, entertained for him the highest respect; a letter which he wrote him, ten years afterwards, ended thus: "I entreat you, sir, during all your life, to count upon me as the most zealous of your admirers." The duration of that respect, friendship and admiration, was limited to the period when Rousseau's frankness became unpleasant; these first sentiments were followed by an implacable hatred and a frightful persecution. The former had procured to the youthful Arouet, sweet and pleasing sensations; the latter drew down bitter trouble upon Voltaire in his prime. But we must not anticipate coming events.

Arouet was sixteen years old, when he left the college to return to his father's. One day, while conversing about the choice of a profession with his father, he spoke thus: "I will have no other profession than a literary one." He was, however, obliged to go through a course of legal studies; but he relieved his mind from the tedium which this occasioned him, by associating with Lafare, de Chaulieu, Courtin, and Servien, with whom he had become acquainted through his godfather, Monsieur de Chateaufort. One day, when at the age of seventeen, Voltaire and some of the gentlemen just mentioned, were entertained by the Prince de Conti, who was composing some verses, when he made the following remark: "We

are here," said he, "all princes or poets." The reader will observe that here he did not hesitate to consider poets as the equals of princes, it will be seen hereafter, that he raised them far above princes in his estimation.

He was eighteen years of age when he contended for the prize offered by the academy, by the composition of an ode, on the construction of the choir of the church of Notre-Dame, undertaken by Louis XIV., to fulfil the promise made by Louis XIII.—The prize having been obtained by the Abbé Dujarry, his youthful opponent exhibited the workings of an irritable disposition, of which he gave so many evidences in after life. In order to revenge himself upon the fortunate preacher, he wrote a satire, entitled "The Mire," in which he spared neither his judges nor his more successful rival. His father was so much incensed against him by this writing, that he was on the eve of forbidding him the house. His conduct, there, in other respects, was far from deserving approbation.

The grief Voltaire's father experienced from his misconduct, determined the latter upon availing himself, in 1714, of an opportunity which offered itself, of sending him to Holland, as secretary of the Marquis de Chateaufort, brother of Voltaire's godfather, who was the French ambassador at the Hague. Besides, his removal from Paris presented the additional inducement of breaking up the associations he had formed with those individuals we have before alluded to, and with the companions of his pleasures.

The young secretary had, unfortunately, imbibed such evil sentiments, and had had too much bad example under his own eye, not to yield full sway to his passions, at that period, when their violence begins to be felt. Scarce had he set foot in Holland, when he became enamored of the younger daughter of Madame

Dunoyer, who was a wit, and who, although she was despised for her conduct towards her husband, still respected the solemn duties of a mother. She complained to the ambassador, who thereupon confined the lover to a room in his residence. As he was thus no longer able to visit his mistress, Arouet invited her to come and visit him, which she did.* The ambassador being informed of what had occurred, and having heard fresh complaints from Madame Dunoyer, was determined to avoid bad consequences; he therefore sent Arouet to Versailles, having requested the secretary of state to prevent his returning to Holland.†

He returned once more to his paternal abode, but was soon dismissed therefrom, as well for spending his time in versification, as for frequenting the same society as that which he visited previous to his departure for the Hague.‡

He sought and obtained forgiveness, on condition of his entering himself with an attorney, M. Alain, *Rue Perdue, Place Maubert*. Thiriot was in the same office; it was to this circumstance, that the friendship which subsisted between these two men, for forty years, owed its origin.

Arouet was not, however, disposed to pursue this career for any length of time. Reasons similar to those which actuated his father when sending him to Holland, urged him to permit his son to accompany Monsieur de Caumartin to his estate of Saint Ange, in 1715. The conversations he had there with that nobleman's father, who had frequented in his youth the company of the courtiers of Henry the Fourth, suggested the idea of the *Henriad*; the same gentleman

also furnished him with materials for the "*Siecle de Louis XIV.*" From that period he devoted his whole attention to poetry. After having spent some time at Villars, whither the Duke and Duchess of Sully had invited him to accompany them, he returned to Paris, in 1717, and was incarcerated in the Bastille as a punishment for composing a satire, entitled "*I Have Seen*," which reflected upon Louis XIV., who had recently died. He remained there for more than a year, and while in prison, he corrected his tragedy of *Œdipus*, which was performed in 1718. It is even asserted that he was still an inmate of the Bastille when this tragedy was first brought upon the stage, and that the regent, who happened to visit the prison, released him from confinement in consideration of the delight which he experienced while witnessing the performance of "*Œdipus*."

The youthful poet went to thank the prince for this favor, immediately after regaining his liberty. "Be wise," said the duke, "and I will take care of you." "Let me beg of your royal highness to receive the expression of my gratitude for this renewal of your kindness; while, at the same time, I entreat that you would no longer attend to *my board and lodging*," was the ex-prisoner's reply.

It was when he left the Bastille, that Arouet changed his name.—Among a collection of letters bearing the title of *Juvenilia*, there is one addressed to Miss Dunoyer, the same he had known during his stay in Holland. This letter is signed "Voltaire," and contains the following postscript. "Be not surprised at this change of name; I have been so unhappy whilst wearing another, that I wish to see whether this will bring happiness with it."

Subsequently to this, Voltaire exhibited the contempt he entertained for the name of his family. He wrote

* Vide the literary history of Voltaire by the Marquis de Luchet.

† See the Life of Voltaire, by Condorcet.

‡ Ibidem.

thus to M. Moussinet, whom he had entrusted with his affairs at Paris, from Brussels, in May, 1741: "I have sent you my signature, in which I have forgotten the name of Arouet, which, by the way, I forget willingly. I return you some other parchments, where that name occurs, notwithstanding the slight estimation in which I hold it." His change of appellation did not gain for him that happiness he anticipated; it was not the name which needed alteration in order to procure for him the content he sought; it was his manner of thinking and his actions, wherein this became requisite.*

Scarce had the author of *Œdipus* left the Bastille, when an atrocious poem called the *Phillippic*, made its appearance; it was directed against the regent, Philip of Orleans, the same who had set him free. Suspicion at once fell upon him, but it has since been ascertained, that this work was the production of Lagrange-Chancel, the author of *Amasis* and of several other tragedies. What chiefly caused the public to attribute it to Voltaire were his friendship for the Baron de Goertz, plenipotentiary of Charles XII., who had projected a great revolution in Europe, and his

* There is no kind of absurdity, and no ridiculous proceedings to which an impious mind under the influence of unruly passions will not lead a man, and much more so in his youth. Voltaire, in changing his name and in the reason he gives for so doing, evinced that he entertained a superstitious notion, which would disgrace the most ignorant man. Even if he did not believe so, it would have been sinful and ridiculous to simulate to think so, and to give that bad *philosophical example*, to say nothing of religion. Let youth take heed, and distinguish between *talent* and *good sense*. Voltaire possessed the former, but not a spark of the latter. Consequently he always found himself in trouble, and his life was but a series of contradictions and inconsistencies.

assiduity in visiting the Duke du Maine, where all the enemies of the regent met. The prince contented himself with requiring him to leave Paris. He retired to the castle of Sully, where he composed his tragedy of *Artemira*. Here he became attached to a young lady residing in the neighborhood, and prevailed upon her to undertake the principal part of the piece. The managers having accepted both Voltaire's mistress and his work, he obtained the regent's leave to return to Paris. The tragedy and the actress were greeted by a general hissing; the author and lover, indignant at this double outrage, leaped from his box to the stage, and began to harangue the spectators; at first the noise increased, the hisses were renewed, but at length the author of *Œdipus* was recognized, and the public consented to allow the actress to be heard, and the piece was permitted to proceed.† He withdrew from the stage and wended his way back to Sully.

A short time after this occurrence, permission was granted him to reside in the metropolis; he went to Vauvillars to remain only a little while, he returned from thence in the succeeding year, and took up his abode at the President de Bernieres, on the Quai des Théatins. This magistrate had a seat at Forges, where they went to spend the summer. It was at this period that Voltaire composed his infamous "Epistle to Urania," which he since called "For and Against," its first title having been "An Epistle to Julia," probably after Madame de Ruppelmonde, the daughter of the Marquis de Alegre. It was for this lady that this poetical effusion was composed. He went to Holland with her in October, 1722; he saw John Baptist Rousseau, as he passed through Brussels, and remain-

† See the Life of Voltaire, by Duvernet.

ed there three weeks. It was on his return to Brussels, and in relation to the same production, that he conceived that hatred for Rousseau, which we shall see developing itself at a later period.

On his return from Holland, Voltaire sometimes resided in Normandy at Larivière Bourdet, a seat of Madame de Bernière's, and sometimes in Paris, at the mansion of that lady.

In 1725, while on a visit to the President Desmaysen's seat at Maisons, situated on the borders of the Seine, and near the forest of St. Germain, he read the poem of the *League*, which is now known under the title of the *Henriad*. Before he commenced reading, he remarked to his auditors: "I ask not the indulgence of my judges, but their severity."—At length he became wearied of their repeated observations, and rising abruptly, he threw the poem in the fire, saying: "It seems, then, that it is only fit for the fire."* It was but a short time after, during his sojourn at this place, that he was seized with the small-pox, on the 4th of November. At first, the disease seemed to be of a very malignant character, but he recovered at the close of the same month, and immediately left for Paris. He had hardly stepped in the carriage, which was to convey him thither, when the apartment he had occupied took fire, consumed nearly one wing of the castle, and occasioned a loss of more than one hundred thousand francs.†

We have now reached the epoch of a most mortifying adventure,‡

* See the life of Voltaire, by Duvernet.

† Vide the life of Voltaire, by Duvernet, p. 54.

‡ The expression *adventure*, becomes very well the passages of the life of Voltaire, for he was a real literary and religious Quixote, who attacked every body, and was beaten by every body. But, alas! The fictitious Quixote im-

which befel Voltaire. It was no less than a castigation he underwent at the door of the Duke of Sully's residence in the Rue St. Antoine, from the servants of the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot. This young nobleman, having had a discussion with him, inquired who he was. Voltaire lost no time in answering, "I am the first of my name, you are the last of yours." Voltaire took some lessons in fencing, and then demanded satisfaction of the chevalier, who accepted the challenge for the next day, but the minister of state, who had been informed by the young nobleman's family, of what was in contemplation, sent Voltaire to the Bastille. After a confinement of six months, he was released, but was commanded to leave France, and he departed for England.

Thus we see Voltaire at the age of thirty-two, had been sent from Holland, forbidden his father's house, imprisoned at the Bastille, exiled from Paris, chastised by domestics for an insult offered to their master, once more sent to the Bastille, and exiled from France. This was certainly not a line of conduct, calculated to exhibit a great inclination for philosophy, but that which he purposed to embrace, did not require any other.

What was to be expected from a man, imbued as he was, with irreligious ideas even from his youth; from one who had never known what it was to curb himself, who had always been accustomed to frequent the most corrupt society, the more dangerous from the fact that under the disguise of fashion, maxims of the most depraved character were concealed; from one, in short, who had formed the system which he inculcated during his life, viz.: "Pleasure is the universal end; whoever seizes it, secures his salvation."§

proved society, while this real one corrupted it beyond measure.

§ Letter to Berger, October 10, 1736.
—This horrible principle needs no oth-

Voltaire's three biographers, the Marquis de Luchet, Duvernet, and Condorcet, unite in considering that the *Henriad* had contributed in no small degree to Voltaire's wealth.—“Voltaire,” says Condorcet, “had inherited an independent fortune from his father and his brother, which the London edition of the *Henriad* had augmented, &c.” The Marquis de Luchet asserts, that the proceeds of the *Henriad* were very considerable, and that Voltaire was soon in a situation to do some good. “After the London edition of the *Henriad*, in 1726, was published,” says Duvernet,* “his fortune was that of a man in easy circumstances: what he received, two or three years afterwards, at his father's decease, made him wealthy.” It is somewhat remarkable, that Condorcet mentions the legacies received from Voltaire's father and brother, even previous to the profits arising from the sale of the poem,

er refutation than the experience of those who proclaim it, who (let it be said for the credit of mankind) are but very few and very wicked. None of them ever was happy, and Voltaire himself is an example. He always was seeking for pleasures, he found them, and he never evinced to possess any happiness. Perhaps he did not seize them. But how can they be seized or secured, they being transitory by their own nature? This philosophical reason, independently of any religious one would be enough to refute such a principle. As to *secure the salvation* it is as ridiculous as impious, for it evidently excludes the eternal. Even as to a *temporary* one, pleasures will never satisfy our human wants, neither will they exercise all human faculties, so as to constitute a proper, or even a temporary happiness. Moreover, the evils and torments brought on by pleasures, plunge a man into misery, and wretchedness, in which Voltaire lived and died.

* Duvernet is incorrect, it was in 1728 the edition alluded to was printed.

as the groundwork of his fortune,† whereas Duvernet represents him as only receiving his father's bequest, (which according to Duvernet made Voltaire rich) three years after the wonderful success of the *Henriad* at London. It would be rather difficult to reconcile the testimony of these two authors, but would it not be proper to say that they both deviate from the truth, by simply remarking, that Voltaire was disinherited by his parent, the validity of whose will he contested, and who left but a trifling inheritance? In support of this opinion, the fears which Voltaire evinced in several of his letters may be adduced.

In one of them, he says: “I inform you that our affairs in the chamber of accounts are not progressing for us, and that I run the risk of receiving nothing from my father's bequest.”‡ In another:§ “my fortune is taking so devilish a turn, in the chamber of accounts, that I may perhaps be compelled to toil for a livelihood.” He declares in a third,|| that all he ever received from his family, was four thousand livres per annum. Even the greater portion of this sum, proceeded from the property left by his brother, of which he only obtained possession in 1741.

Voltaire's statement in relation to the edition of the *Henriad*, is still more in opposition to the assertions of his biographers. “It is very true,” he writes, in a letter to ——— Prevost, in 1740, “that it was at great cost that I wrote the *Henriad*, and that I gave as much money in France, as the poem produced for me in London.” Nothing proves more thoroughly that it was not this poetical effort

† Vide Voltaire's letter to Madame de Bernieres, July 10, 1725.

‡ Letter to Thiriot, Sept. 26, 1724.

§ Letter to Madame de Bernieres, same year.

|| Letter to Thiriot, March 4, 1769.

which was the cause of his fortune. There only remain, therefore, the means, which his friends acknowledge him to have availed himself of, viz., the interest Paris de Mont-Martel allowed him on provisions purchased by the latter, of the gains obtained by investments in lotteries made by the city of Paris in 1729, his speculations in grains, and his enemies add, *the sale he made of the same manuscript work to several booksellers.* "Friendship's voice," says Duvernet, "recalled Voltaire to Paris."* The arrival of the author of the *Henriad* was announced by the appearance of a small philosophical sketch, entitled "Folly on both sides," the subject of which, was religion of the *Unigenitus*, &c.

In 1729, Voltaire won the prize at the lottery made by Pelletier-Desforts, and created for the liquidation of the city debt. He was the comptroller-general, and contested the legitimacy of Voltaire's claim to the prize. The decision was, however, in favor of Voltaire, but he feared his adversary's

revenge, and left Paris for Plombières, where he found the young Duke de Richelieu. Shortly afterwards, the administration of the financial department was withdrawn from Desforts, and Voltaire returned to the capital.

Mademoiselle Adriana Lecouvreur, a celebrated tragic actress, having died in the early part of 1730, and the Church having refused Christian burial to her remains, Voltaire undertook to vindicate her character, by writing her apotheosis, in the course of which he attacked the nation generally, but particularly individuals in office. Complaints were presented to the keeper of the seals, and the poet felt the necessity of leaving Paris; he feigned that he was proceeding to England, but in reality, he did not leave France. He went no farther than Rouen, where he remained concealed for seven months in the house of a printer named Jore, under the assumed title of an English nobleman, whom state affairs had forced to emigrate.

TRANSLATED FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR FROM THE ANNALES DE PHILOSOPHIE CHRETIENNE.

PROGRESSIVE RETURN OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH TO THE CENTRE OF CATHOLIC UNITY.

LETTER INSERTED IN THE NOUVELLISTE DES FLANDRES, CONTAINING SOME
DETAILS REGARDING THAT IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

London, Feb. 21, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am busily engaged in procuring information re-

specting the wonderful things that are related about the Protestant University of Oxford. The persons with whom I am in communication, are

* We prefer quoting Duvernet to any other of Voltaire's biographers, because as the latter knew that he purposed writing an account of his life, he sent him the necessary materials, through M.

Durey de Morsan, (see Voltaire's letter of March 23, 1772.) This occurrence has consequently caused us to trust the testimony of Duvernet, on several occasions.—*Author's Note.*

such as to guarantee the correctness of all that I transmit to you. The Catholic church may well found the most flattering hopes upon that university; the signs, which foretell a glorious return of the wandering sheep back to the fold of unity, are there manifested; the great work is there commencing; the finger of God is there, to dispose the hearts of men, and to conduct to a good issue this hitherto unexpected event.

The newspapers announce that the Anglican bishops have judged it necessary to adopt some measures against the doctrines put forth by the Puseyites. This is perfectly true.—Those rulers of the established church tremble at the progress of that doctrine, which, approaching step by step, will finally be absorbed in Catholicism. They have endeavored to raise a barrier against it; but they have failed. The authority in their hands is broken; it is impossible for them to agree upon any thing.

The rectors of the colleges have, in a manner, put all the folios of the library, in the *Index*. A general prohibition to take any extract out of them has been intimated to the students. Well! upon whom will the weight of rigorous measure fall? Amongst the few works left to the disposal of the young men, there is a copy of *Bellarmin*: Happily, exclaimed the students, Bellarmin is not wrested from us!

There are, however, some stories in circulation, which are of a rather doubtful texture. A great deal has been said about a petition having been addressed to the Pope by one hundred students of Oxford! I cannot trace this rumor to its source; but if it were true, it would have produced a great sensation in the university; whereas, I can assure you, it is not so much as spoken of there.

Doctor Newman appears destined to become the instrument in the hands of God to effect a return *en masse*.—

England has her eyes fixed upon this learned personage, and offers up most ardent suffrages for his conversion. I will make you more particularly acquainted with this man, who holds in his hands the hearts of more than six hundred students. He is forty years of age, and of the middle size. His features, rendered meagre by study and, perhaps, by austerities, bear an impression of modesty and thoughtfulness, and inspire veneration. He lectures once a week in his church. I forgot to tell you that the six hundred students of Oxford, who follow him, openly declare themselves to be his partisans. His favorite motto, regarding the Reformation, is: "*Non debuit fieri, sed factum valet*,"* (It should not have been done, but having been done, it is valid.) Mr. Newman possesses an energetic character, which the menaces and entreaties of the Anglican bishops can neither move nor intimidate. However, he has, for some days past, been extremely pensive. One of his pupils, lately converted to the Catholic faith, went to him to return him thanks; he found him in his little country mansion, sit-

* A great many things are *valid* although *illicit*, but the Reformation cannot be one of them, because its unlawfulness comes from its own nature. It is one of those things, which are *forbidden because they are bad*, and not of those which are *bad because they are forbidden*. The Pope being the head of the church by the ordination of Christ, the separation from him is illicit by its own nature, and it can never be *valid*, as no schism ever was. The dogmas of the Catholic church, being *essentially true*, and the contrary essentially *false*, the operations according to the latter cannot be valid. whether said doctrine is established or not, as time will never alter the nature of things. Consequently, the first part of Dr. Newman's motto, viz., *Non debuit fieri* (it should not have been done), totally destroys the second, viz., *sed factum valet*, (but having been done, it is valid).—Ed.

ting in an empty room, without carpet, without fire, having no furniture but a table, two chairs and a few books; the tenant of this cell, maintained a strict silence. His pupil began to weep; but still he spoke not a word. It was not until the young convert arose to take his leave of him, that Mr. Newman grasped him

warmly by the hand, and said: *May God bless you!*

May the blessing of God descend likewise upon the soul of this doctor, and there develop that germ of the one true faith, which he planted in those young hearts, that have taken the start of him in returning to the bosom of the church! D. W.

THE INDIAN HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND.

CHAPTER IX.

* * * * * e pur mio Dio
E tutto tuo: dunque che dar poss'io
Che non sia tuo, leggiadro mio bambino?
BUA DA ICCARI.

Mrs. Preston and her companions had arrived at the Hall a short time before Mr. Clermont, Elizabeth and Paulina: tea was ready; and the Colonel was sitting at the table, carelessly looking over a pamphlet which had been sent him. To the utter surprise of Mr. Clermont and his party, when they entered the hall, they found there the Unitarian minister, Mr. Alton, who was a constant visitor at the Cottage, and an oracle in the estimation of Caroline. Indeed, this gentleman was not without a handsome education, was endowed with some eloquence, and adorned with a peculiar urbanity of manner,—and, save when heated by controversial excitement, calm, and affable, and benevolent. But it was a failing which he could not correct, to let no opportunity pass, of pitying the credulity of the millions who believed in the divinity of Christ, and especially

the Roman Catholics, whose clergymen he, however, admitted, were generally good scholars, and well disciplined in the tactics of theological disputation.

By some contingency or other, it had happened, that before this evening, Mr. Clermont had never fallen in with Mr. Alton. His authority had often been cited by the ladies, and his decisions were regarded as without appeal. With his wonted hospitality and elegance, the Colonel introduced the two gentlemen. Mr. Alton received the introduction with grace, but manifestly with some emotion, and as he bowed, fixed his dark grey eye,—as if to penetrate into the physiognomy of the Catholic—upon Mr. Clermont's face. Mr. Clermont, whom a long residence in the most polished society in Europe, had refined to an extraordinary degree, met the Clergyman with a dignity and suavity, which are to be found in few; and without the least symptom of surprise, or being taken in the least off his guard, he immediately entered upon a literary conversation which charmed the Colonel and de-

lighted the minister. At table, except a keen, significant glance at Mrs. Preston and the Colonel, when Clermont made the sign of the cross, no allusion was made to religion, and the evening was spent in discussing general topics of conversation, and innocent amusement.

But Alton, it would seem, had determined not to let this favorable occasion slip, without indulging his predominant bent, and entering upon his favorite subject. Mr. Clermont had cautiously avoided any thing of the kind, and felt little or no inclination to commence an argument with a gentleman, who, he knew, was resolved not to be convinced of anything which he did not wish to believe. After breakfast, the next morning, when the Colonel had left the "Hall," and the company were enjoying the delightful freshness and fragrance of the early zephyrs on the portico, the word *divine* happening to escape Constantia's lips, Mr. Alton's eye took fire, and with a good deal of impatience of manner, "that adjective," said he, "is too often misapplied—I rather suspect it is not generally understood."

"If I mistake not, Reverend Sir," remarked Charles, "the word is used in a variety of acceptations. Sometimes, to signify *beautiful, lovely, perfect*, as when we say a *divine poem*, for instance, and sometimes to express the attributes of the Deity, as when we apply it to our *Divine Redeemer*."

"If applying it to Christ, you mean to predicate of him something that appertains only to the Deity," said Alton, somewhat hurriedly, "of course you make him God."

"Certainly Sir; we acknowledge in his person two distinct natures: that of man, and that of God."

"You are right in admitting the first, but in the second, pardon me when I say, it is downright idolatry."

"It is distressing to hear a Chris-

tian minister express such a sentiment," whispered Constantia.

"Although I have not devoted myself to theological pursuits with the same attention as we must suppose every minister has, still I have no fear in asserting, that I can prove from the New Testament, that Christ is God," returned Charles. "Remember, Mr. Alton, it was not I who provoked this discussion—I should not have broached the subject; but to be accused of idolatry, is a charge too grievous and too disgraceful not to require a vindication and a refutation."

"There is not a text in scripture from which a conclusive argument can be drawn in confirmation of the divinity of Christ," insisted Alton.

"There are hundreds, Sir, which flash conviction on the unbiassed mind," retorted Charles.

"Adduce one if you can, Sir."

"Read the first chapter of St. John."

"What does that prove?"

"I will cite it, and leave it to common sense to tell what it proves: 'In the beginning was the *word*, and the *word* was with God, and the *word* was God, . . . and the *word* was made flesh.'

Here, Sir the evangelist distinctly states that the word was God, and that the word was made flesh—therefore according to the common principles of logic and reason, the conclusion is, that *God was made flesh*."

Elizabeth threw her eye with an expression of delight and triumph on Constantia. The argument was conclusive, and there was but one way of evading it, which Alton did not hesitate to take advantage of.

"We do not admit that part of the Gospel as canonical," was his reply. Clermont could not but smile.

"Shew me a *canonical* text in proof of the divinity of Christ, if you can."

Without any further disputation on

that point, Charles proceeded to shew, that Christ declared himself equal to the Father—and, therefore, divine.

"In the fifth chapter of John," said he, "we find that the Jews, enraged at what they termed his blasphemy, were on the point of stoning him—"

"Quote the words of Scripture, Sir, if you please," said Alton.

"Hereupon, therefore, the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he did not only break the sabbath, but also said God was his Father, *making himself equal to God.*"*

"Your reading is incorrect, Sir," rejoined Alton, "it cannot be rendered thus; or rather I do not believe that the text is to be found in our Testament at all."

"What an evasion, ejaculated Constantia, whispering in the ear of Elizabeth.

"Produce a text in which Christ declared himself, unequivocally, and literally, *God*, and I will thank you," said the minister with a good deal of *hauteur*.

"Unequivocally and literally did Christ declare himself *God*," returned Charles, "when he said, 'I AND THE FATHER ARE ONE.'"[†]

"He could not have meant that he was the same as the Father," exclaimed Alton, "because you admit that they are distinct beings."

"We admit that they are distinct in person, but the *one* and the same in substance."

"Did the Jews understand him as speaking literally, Sir?"

"If they had not understood him thus, why did they again attempt to stone him: 'for the Scripture expressly says, that after they had heard this declaration of his divinity, the Jews then took up stones to stone him.'"

"These texts cannot be canonical, they must be mere interpolations," said Alton,—to the amusement of Constantia and Elizabeth. "Besides," he urged, "in innumerable parts, Christ declares himself inferior to the Father."

"He declares himself inferior to the Father, in his human nature, I grant, Sir," rejoined Charles, "for you must not forget that we admit two natures in Christ—the divine and human——"

"Two forming one!" exclaimed Alton.

"Yes Sir; just as your body and your soul—two distinct constituents, form but one person."

"Or as the three faculties of the soul, each distinct in itself, form but one soul," whispered Constantia, just loud enough to be heard by the minister.

"You will grant, Sir," urged Charles, "that the doctrine of the evangelists concerning Christ, cannot contradict his own regarding himself."

"Certainly I will; what follows?"

"Well, sir; St. John expressly asserts, that He who was made flesh,—the word—created all things. 'All things were made by him: and without him was made nothing that was made. In him was *life*, &c.' Now, If he created all things, he was not created himself—if he was not created, he was no creature—*consequently, he was God.*" Alton here arose, and walked about the portico with manifest impatience and confusion. —"If then," continued Charles, "Christ says, that he is inferior to the Father, he must speak of his human nature."

"These are speculative points," said Alton, "speculative, scholastic questions, which better suit an Aquinas, than a modern gentleman. For my own part, I believe no such thing as the Divinity of Christ—and controversial disputations—"

* Verse 18.

† John, chap. 10, v. 30.

"You yourself, introduced the subject, remember," said Charles.

"And I will conclude it," he replied, deeply piqued, and abruptly ordering his horse, before Mrs. Preston, who had not been present at this conversation, was aware of it, rode off without even saying good morning.

The manner in which Mr. Alton had left the Hall," threw a momentary seriousness over Charles Clermont, whose sensibility could not bear the idea, of his having been the most distant cause, of that gentleman's displeasure. But the consciousness of his having only done his duty, in defending the most vital tenet of Christianity, supported him in his uneasiness, and soon inspired him with his wonted hilarity. Elizabeth, proposed to him and Constantia, (the other ladies had walked into the garden with Mrs. Preston,) to take a ramble along the water-side.

CHAPTER X.

* * * * * Ferve l'opra, ed altri
Vengono geni e vanno, altri gli eletti
Versan volumi; ogni dottrina, ogni arte
Ed ogni musa ha il suo ministro alato.
BETINELLI, GESUITA.

As they pursued their solitary walk along the borders of the waters, Elizabeth requested Clermont to produce the testimonies of some of the Fathers, as well Greek, as Latin, in confirmation of the divinity of Christ; abundant passages were cited in his author, from whom he read the following:

"In his preface to his Epistle to the Romans, St. Ignatius says, 'The Father wills all things, which are according to the love of *Jesus Christ* our God.'

"In the end of the preface, he wishes them 'happiness in *Jesus Christ* our God.'

" 'For our God *Jesus Christ*,' says he, 'now that he is in the Father, does the more appear.'

" 'Suffer me to imitate the passion of MY GOD.'

"He then begins his epistle to the Ephesians: 'By the will of the Father and of *Jesus Christ* our God.'

" 'Encouraging yourselves by the blood of GOD.'

"And writing to the church of Smyrna, 'I glorify God *Jesus Christ*, who has given you so much wisdom.' "

"Was not Ignatius a Father of the earliest times?" asked Elizabeth.

"He was martyred in the year of our Lord 107," replied Charles.

"St. Polycarp, disciple of St. Ignatius, who himself was a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, Bishop of Smyrna, and a martyr, is another illustrious witness of the common faith of this age, regarding the divinity of *Jesus Christ*; St. Polycarp is introduced in the acts of his martyrdom, thus praying to God, immediately before his death: 'Father of thy only begotten and blessed Son *Jesus Christ*, through whom we have received thy knowledge, I praise thee, who hast vouchsafed to bring me to this day, that I may have a share in the company of thy martyrs, and in the chalice of thy Christ, unto the resurrection of eternal life, of both the body and the soul, in the incorruption of the Holy Ghost. Therefore, I praise thee for all things. I bless thee, I glorify thee, through the everlasting high-priest *Jesus Christ*, thy only begotten Son, through whom glory be to thee, together with him, in the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.'

"St. Justin Martyr, who died in the year 161, speaks thus in his apology for the christians which he presented to the Emperor Antoninus, 'But we worship and adore this same Father, and the Son, who cometh from him, and the Holy Ghost, who spoke through the prophets; ac-

cording to reason and truth we worship them.' In his dialogue with Trypho the Jew, he proves at large from the scriptures of the old law, that Jesus Christ was called in them *God and Lord*; the *Lord of Hosts*; the *God of Israel*; *Jehovah*, &c. and then concludes: 'If you had understood the sayings of the Prophets, you would never have denied that he is *God*, the Son of the unbegotten and ineffable God:' and a little after, *the Son of God is Lord and God.*' He says that the words of the Psalmist—*thy throne, O God, is forever and ever*, &c. manifestly shows that he is to BE ADORED, that he is God, and that he is CHRIST.' 'The scriptures evidently show,' says he, 'that Christ was passable, that he is to be adored, and that he is God.'

"Athenagoras, an illustrious writer, contemporary with St. Justin, writes thus: 'Who shall, therefore, not wonder, that we, who preached God the Father, AND GOD THE SON, &c.' Again, 'We maintain, that the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are God.'

"Who was Athenagoras, Mr. Clermont?" asked Elizabeth.

"Athenagoras was a learned apologist for the christian religion. Prior to his conversion he was an Athenian philosopher, and wrote about the year 177.

"St. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, and Martyr, disciple of St. Polycarp, and who died in the year 201," continued Charles, "has, in all his works the most illustrious testimonies, in support of the Trinity, and of the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost.

"Christ, therefore, with the Father, is the God of the living.'—'Having a testimony from all, that he is truly man, and that he is truly God, from his Father, from the Spirit, from the angels, &c.'

"Neither the Lord, nor the Holy Spirit, nor the Apostles, would have called him (Jesus Christ) God, abso-

lutely and definitively, unless he were true God.'

"St. Clement, a learned priest of Alexandria, where he publicly taught philosophy, towards the end of the second century, and numbered among his scholars the great Origen, bears ample testimony to the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost. 'Our Master,' says he, 'is the Holy God Jesus.' He assures us that, 'The Word sees all things;' that 'He is in all places;' that 'He is eternal;' that 'He is the creator of man and of the world;' that 'He is Omnipotent;' that 'He alone is both God and man;' that 'He gave us life.'

"And, therefore, he concludes thus: 'Believe, O man, in him who suffered and is adored as the living God.'

"A little after, he adds, that 'The word is truly and most manifestly God,' and that he is 'Not unequal to the Lord of all things.'

"St. Dionysius of Alexandria, in his Epistle against Paul of Samosatha, expresses himself to this effect: 'He, who was by nature Lord, and the Word of the Father, whom the holy fathers have called consubstantial with the Father.'

"St. Gregory, of Noescesarea, surnamed Thaumaturgus, has this remarkable passage in his short exposition of faith. 'One Father of the living Word, of the subsisting wisdom, and of his power, and eternal figure: the perfect begetter of the perfect, the Father of the only-begotten Son, one Lord, one only, from one only, God of God, and true Son of the true Father.'

"Origen, the most learned man of his age, who, in the year 203, succeeded St. Clement in the public chair at Alexandria, acknowledges, in his Sermon on the Pythonissa, that our Saviour is '*the true God.*'

"In his commentary on St. John, he says, 'You can no more find the

beginning in which the Son was begotten, than you can find the beginning of *God's eternity*.' And he was always 'present with the Father.'

"In his books against Celsus, which, as Ensebius observes, he wrote in his old age, we find nothing more frequently inculcated than that 'the Son is God.' In his commentary on St. John he often speaks of the Godhead of the Son.

"He teaches that he is the 'Son of God properly;' and, 'by nature;' that he is 'Lord by nature;' that he is 'in all places;' that when Christ suffered, 'the immortal God the Word, remaining essentially what he was, had no share in the sufferings, either of his body or of his soul;' and that the 'Word comprehends God the Father,' &c. &c. &c.

"These testimonies from the early Greek Fathers, are very satisfactory indeed," said Elizabeth.

"With your permission I will adduce a few from the primitive Latin Fathers."

"I shall hear them with delight."

"It is a fact, that the Latin Fathers are not less explicit than the Greek on the Divinity of the Son of God; which shows that the faith relative to that dogma was common in the eastern and western churches, during the three first centuries, as well as it is at the present day. Tertullian, who flourished in the year 215, writes thus in his Apologetic: 'We have learnt that this (the Son of God) was brought forth from God, and that, by this bringing forth, he was begotten, and, on this account, called the Son of God, and God, from the unity of substance.'

"Let the mystery of the economy which disposes unity into Trinity, directing three, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be kept. But three, not as to state, but as to degree; not as to substance, but as to

form; not as to power, but as to species; but of one and the same substance, one and the same state, one and the same power. For there is but one God, from whom these degrees, forms, and species, (personalities,) in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, are derived.'

"The Trinity is of one Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.'

"The Creator gave to his Son, *who is not less than himself*, all things which he created by him.'

"The Father and the Son differ in person, but not in substance, which is the same in all the three persons.'

"The title of Lord, and God, belong to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.'

"St. Cyprian says of Christ, 'This is the power of God, this his reason, this his wisdom and glory: this descends into a Virgin, this, by the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, puts on flesh: God is mixed with man, *this is our God*, this is Christ.'

"Jesus Christ, our Lord and God,' is a frequent expression with him in his sixty-third letter to Cecilius, in his book on *patience*; in his council held at Carthage in the year 256; in his seventy-third letter to Jubaianus, he says, 'He cannot be the temple of Christ, who denies Christ to be God.'"

"This is strong language," observed Elizabeth.

"Language which should alarm, if it cannot convince, any Unitarian," said Charles.

"These are the testimonies of Fathers who adorned the church by their learning, as well as their sanctity, before the council of Nice, and they will prove how groundless is the assertion of the Unitarians, that those fathers were all on their side, and taught and believed as they do."

CHAPTER XI.

Odi, Padre del ciel del soglio eterno
 La rea bestemmia, e ad immortal tuo
 vanto,
 Forte confondi il mentitor d'averno.
 COTTA.

Had the least doubt hung over the mind of Elizabeth, regarding the great question at issue, the conversation of Charles Clermont with Mr. Alton, would have dispelled it for ever. The manner in which he disposed of passages from the Scripture, which militated against him, and established the doctrine—his evasions—his rejection of the canonicity—his doubting of the fidelity of the versions—were too pitiful, and indeed, unworthy the education and good sense of the Reverend Gentleman. Elizabeth could not have imagined it possible, that so respectable a divine as he was reputed, could so easily be beaten from his ground, by a Catholic layman.

"Really," said she, "I have no patience with Mr. Alton. Is it not incredible, that he should ask in what part of the New Testament, Christ declared himself equal to the Father, and after hearing the passages quoted, that he should take upon himself to reject them as uncanonical!"

"I must confess, that I expected much more from Mr. Alton," said Charles. "But I really begin now to be convinced, that our dissenting ministers, may be profound literary or scientific scholars, but very shallow theologians."

"One would be induced to conclude that Mr. Alton had never read the Scriptures at all," said Constantia."

"Had he not gone off so abruptly, I should have read from my author, the appellations which are applied to Christ in the New Testament—I wonder how he would have evaded them," said Charles.

"With as much ease as he evaded the other parts," said Constantia.

"I sincerely regret that mamma and Caroline were not present at the disputation—perhaps it would have had a good effect," said Elizabeth. "It would be pleasing," she continued, "and agreeable, and instructive, too, to know what those appellations are; will you be pleased to read them to me, Mr. Clermont?"

"With all my heart," he replied. "We have already seen, that by St. John, he is called God."

"I remember you quoted the passage, in which it is stated by the Evangelist, *that the word was with God, and the word was God.*"

"You are correct, Elizabeth," said Constantia, "and this passage of itself, it appears to me, should be sufficient to establish the point at issue."

"It quite satisfies me," Constantia.

"Christ is likewise called the *only Son of God*, by the same Evangelist," said Charles.

"In what part of his gospel, Charles?" asked Constantia.

"In the first chapter, verse eighteenth: 'No man hath seen God,' we there read, 'at any time: the *only begotten Son*, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.'—And chapter the third, verse the sixteenth: 'God so loved the world, as to *give his only begotten Son*; that whosoever believeth in him, may not perish, but may have life everlasting.' He is styled by St. Paul, the Image of the invisible God," continued Charles. "In his epistle to the Colossians, he writes thus: * 'Giving thanks to God the Father, who has made us worthy to be partakers of the lot of the Saints in light: who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, into the kingdom of his beloved Son, in whom we have redemption through his blood, the remission of sins: who is the *Image of the invisi-*

* Chap. i. verses 12, 13, 14, 15.

ble God, the first-born of every creature."

"What does the apostle mean by the first-born of every creature, Mr. Clermont?" asked Elizabeth.

"I was on the point of asking the same question, Charles," said Constan-
stantia.

"He means, says my author, in a note on this text, and I agree with him in the interpretation, that Christ was born before the creation—that he is from the days of eternity."

"This agrees perfectly with the language of the Psalms, addressed by the Father to his Son, before the rising of the day-star," observed Elizabeth: "'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.' But I have interrupted you, Mr. Clermont, and I request you to continue."

"In the epistle to the Hebrews, St. Paul styles him *the figure of the substance of God* :* 'Last of all, in these days he has spoken by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the world: who being the brightness of his glory, and the *figure of his substance*, and upholding all things by the word of his power, maketh purgation of sins, sitteth on the right hand of the majesty on high,' and in another part of the same epistle, he is styled the mediator :† 'And, therefore, he is the *mediator of the New Testament*, that by means of his death, for the redemption of those transgressions, which are under the former Testament, they that are called may receive the promise of eternal inheritance!' By St. John, he is called the *Saviour of the world* :‡ 'And they said to the woman,' this was the Samaritan woman," said Charles, "whom Jesus had instructed, and who proclaimed him to be the Messiah."

"A beautiful and pathetic part of

the life of Christ!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"They, therefore, (that is, the Samaritans)" continued Charles, "said to the woman: we now believe not for thy saying; for we ourselves have heard him and know that this is indeed the *Saviour of the world*."

"Most sincerely do I unite my voice with the voices, and my sentiments with the sentiments, of those good people," said Elizabeth, "most humbly do I believe that Christ is indeed the Saviour, the Divine Saviour of the world."

"Every appellation given him in the Scriptures bears testimony to his divinity," said Charles, "it would be too long to recite the passages at full length—but I will afford you the references, dear Miss, and you may, at your leisure, consult the New Testament."

Elizabeth thanked him, and taking a lead-pencil from her reticule, noted down the following texts upon the back of a visiting card.—The tenth chapter of St. John, verse eleventh, Christ is called the *good shepherd*.

In the first epistle to the Colossians, chapter the fifteenth, he is styled the *first-born of every creature*.

In the same epistle, and chapter, verse the eighteenth—the *Head of the Church*.

In Hebrews, chapter fourth, verse the fourteenth—the *High Priest*.

In the same, chapter fifth, verse the sixth—a *Priest forever*.

In John, chapter eighth, verse the twelfth—the *light of the world*.

In the same, chapter fourteenth, the sixth verse—the *way, the truth and the life*.

In Luke, chapter the first, verse seventy-eighth—the *orient from on high*.

In Apocalypse, chapter first, verse the eighth—the *beginning and end*—THE ALPHA AND OMEGA.

And in the same book and chapter, verse the fifth—the *Prince of the kings of the earth*.

* Chap. i., verses 2, 3, 4.

† Chap. 9, verse 15.

‡ Chap. 4, v. 42.

"Now, I would ask any reflecting and reasonable mind," argued Charles, "whether all these extraordinary and sublime epithets could have been applied to Christ, in so solemn and peculiar a manner, if he were a mere man, of what prophet, of what ambassador from the court of heaven, could it be said, that he was the *Alpha and the Omega*—except of a *divine* being—would it not be blasphemy to predicate such an attribute? Could it be said of Moses? Could it be said of Enoch, of Elias, of Isaiah, of Jeremiah, of David—of any *man*? Certainly not."

"It could not surely," said Elizabeth, "it could not be said of any creature——"

"Of course, the consequence is plain—if men would but reflect dispassionately on the subject, that Christ is greater than the prophets, greater than the patriarchs, greater than the angels, nothing less than God himself."

Charles Clermont did not fail to take advantage of the late occurrence, to impress indelibly on Elizabeth's mind, the conviction, that the cause why so few are found to forsake their prejudices and their errors, is a want of disposition to examine the subject thoroughly and scrupulously. Born in their persuasions, they soothe themselves with the idea, that God does not require of them to change—that a man's life is what will be judged, not his creed—and that their errors—if they err—will awaken the compassion, not the vengeance of the Creator. These were the sentiments of Mrs. Preston and Caroline—they had been those of Elizabeth, but she now perceived their fallacy, and left no means uncontrived, by which to inform herself, on every point relating to the dogmas of the true religion.

During their stay at the Hall, Charles and his sisters afforded her a fund of information, and left her perfectly convinced of these two fun-

damental truths. First—THAT CHRIST IS DIVINE; Secondly—that he established a CHURCH, WHICH WAS TO CONTINUE AS HE ESTABLISHED IT DOWN TO THE END OF TIME. Several years elapsed before she could publicly avow her convictions. But Providence placed her in a situation which rendered her independent of her father and mother—she became the wife of Mr. Wentworth—and after being united to that gentleman of immense fortune, and though not a Catholic, without prejudices, she openly declared herself—no longer a Unitarian, nor a Protestant, but an humble and unworthy member of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church.

A period of eighteen hundred years has elapsed since the establishment of that church: and yet, we profess the same faith which its primitive members cherished and maintained. The events which have occurred since that distant era, serve only to confirm our faith. During eighteen centuries, men have witnessed the truth of Christ's word, the fulfilment of his prediction, that *the gates of hell shall not prevail against his church*: the variability and decay of human institutions; the rising and going down of generations; the countless revolutions in the physical, political, and civil worlds; the numberless doctrines and errors that have been preached or propagated by the sword, have all conspired to attest, and establish the divinity of that church, which was built upon a rock by the divine architect; protected from above, and governed by the Holy Ghost.

In reverting to the past, we every where discover, in the waste of time and things, the most convincing testimonials of the divine nature of HIM, under whose authority, and by whose power, the church has survived all that was, and will stand until the consummation of the world. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but his word shall not pass away."

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY,
(Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.)

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.*

Cœlestis urbs, Jerusalem, etc.

I.

City of Heaven, Jerusalem,
 Where blest tranquillity appears,
 Thou, hewn from living stones, dost rise
 Beyond the starry spheres.
 And round thee, as a bride divine,
 Thousands of angels love to shine.

II.

Thrice happy in thy marriage fate :
 The Father's glory all hath been
 Thy dower—thy Bridegroom's grace is thine,
 Most fair and beauteous queen.
 City, to Christ thy sovereign bound,
 And with heaven's lustre glittering round.

III.

Sparkling with precious stones thy gates
 Stand open wide for all alike :
 For there, a power attractive seems,
 All mortal hearts to strike :
 All with Christ's love encouraged, bear,
 With patient wills, their sufferings here.

IV.

The chisel's oft inflicted strokes,
 The artful hammer's beating oft,
 Giving a polish to the stones,
 Have reared this pile aloft.
 All in their various points conjoined
 The parts sublimely raised we find.

V.

To God the Father honor due,
 At all times, in all places be,
 And to his only Son the same,
 And Holy Ghost to thee :
 To whom be glory, praise and power,
 For ever and for ever more.

* At Vespers.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE TRODDEN WAY OF HERESY.

BY W. M'CLELLAN.*

"Facilius est solem extinguere quam Ecclesiam obscurari."

S. Chrysostom, Hom IV. in verba Esaiæ, Op. Tom. I., fol. 1395.

"It is easier for the sun to be extinguished, than for the Church to be obscured."

The battle-field between truth and error, has been in various ages alternately lost and won. It may surprise us that truth has not been invariably the victor, seeing that its native force always suffices, sooner or later, to ensure it the victory. But we must place in account the relative positions which these antagonist principles have at different periods maintained. When, in their several conflicts, each has appeared in its own proper form, the result has never yet been doubtful. There lies inherent in the mind of man, notwithstanding all the moral corruptions of his nature, and obstinacy in clinging to his short-sighted views, a love of evident truth when and wheresoever presented.—The various forms of error in the world have never succeeded in storming the fortalice of truth by their own intrinsic strength. It has been only by overpowering its slumbering sentinels, and silently sapping the outworks which guard its approach, that it has ever yet obtained the vantage ground.

The Ages of the Church abound with many and signal instances of this collision. There are two eras, however, which command the attention, time-points in her reign, which have put to the test her mission, and

made truth manifest to men, by the more than human protection by which she was upheld. These are the periods of the Arian heresy, and of the innovations of the sixteenth century. The one in the days of her youth, (if an earthly similitude can be applied to that whose duration must be eternal)† when the stem of her tree of life, already firmly rooted by the hands of her Divine Founder, and moistened by the blood, and sustained by the endurance of her innumerable armies of apostles, confessors, virgins, and martyrs, was putting forth its fair proportions and encompassing with its shadow the gathering nations of the earth. The other, when laden with

† "Sed existunt qui dicant. Crediderunt in eum omnes gentes: sed illa Ecclesia, quæ fuit omnium gentium, jam non est, periit. O impudentem vocem! illa non est, quia tu in illa non es? Vide ne tu ideo non sis: nam illa erit, etsi tu non sis. Hanc vocem abominabilem, et detestabilem, præsumptionis et falsitatis plenam, nulla veritate suffultam, nulla sapientia illuminatam, nullo sale conditam, vanam, temerariam, præcipientem, perniciosam prævidit Spiritus Dei. . . . Exiguitatem, inquit, dierum meorum annuncia mihi—Non a te quæro illos æternos dies; illi sine fine sunt ubi ero.—Temporales dies mihi annuncia—et annuntiavit. Quomodo annuntiavit?—Ecce ego vobiscum sum usque ad consummationem sæculi.—Augustin. Enarr. 2 in Ps. 101.

* Professor of Greek, in St. John's College, Rose Hill.

the spoils of the conquered, which she had cast at her Bridegroom's feet, her children strong in the homage of a world recked not, that though the machinations of hell had so oft been defeated, its malignancy was not extinct.

The Arian heresy has passed away, but not without its memory abiding. Its history, more than that of any event which had gone before, or many that succeeded it, bears with it the most impressive lessons. The subtle shapes which it put on, the varied devices it had recourse to, and the calamities which it brought upon religion have presented almost every hostile attitude which error can assume towards truth. It has been the warning page and instructor to days that are past, as it will be to those which are to follow.

The Reformation epoch, during which we now live, has but little new to add to our former experience. Its resources have been the same, and its ruling principle, the lust of innovation, that of all which preceded it. The possibility of introducing further novelties, had been nearly at an end, hence we discover that nearly all the dogmas broached, at least in its early stage, have been but the repetition of those which had long grown obsolete. This irreligious revolution may be styled the reformation and remodeling of the ancient systems of error, the repairing of its now crumbling edifice, rather than the creation of novel doctrines. We find the early Reformers, with loud professions of regard for primitive times, and for the integrity of the faith, publishing the fœtus of ancient heresy disguised but in new forms, as truths neglected, or lost through the indolence of the teachers of religion; and arrogating to themselves the title of restorers rather than builders, of men consuming with zeal for the purity of God's Church.

Howsoever we may deny the name

of novelty, as strictly applied to hitherto unheard of doctrines, to the religious opinions promulgated at the Reformation, we must yet allow that they were in no whit less dangerous. The new disguise and compact shape in which they were brought forward, instead of the disjointed and wild theories which had at different times preceded them, gave them an air of plausibility which lulled the suspicions of men more effectually than they would, had they been announced as nakedly as when first condemned. In this respect they became the more full of peril to simple souls; and may be viewed as the last despairing effort of the enemy of our salvation, to obscure, if not destroy, the truth, by the artful combination of those heresies, which singly had heretofore failed. All his ingenuity seems to have been exhausted in the adaptation of this new snare to the varying minds and passions of mankind. To ensnare the first, from the crude systems of Luther and Calvin, to the more refined poison of Jansenius, with the intermediate grades which at intervals arose, even down to the mire of Neology, nothing would seem to be wanting, nothing unsuited to the diverse habits of thought. The latter task was most easy, as human passions tend rather to relaxation than discipline. The broad way strewn with flowers was placed in contrast with the narrow path impeded by its thorns and its crosses; and many there were who walked therein.

The leading feature of the Reformation, though at the outset partially concealed, was the abrogation of the divine character in religion, and the assumption of the human. However we might allow that the Reformers, in the beginning of their revolt, acted without any settled purpose or aim, hurried along by blind pride and the contempt of lawful authority, yet may we recognise the wiles of satan in the development which was afterwards made. We may well characterize

this as one of the subtlest of all the engines made use of by the arch enemy of man for his delusion. Placed in dependence upon his own proper strength, his pride flattered in relation to his competency to judge, concede to him the permission, as a right granted him by the Most High, to decide in a case wherein he is the interested party, and we are made sure of the result. Such was the licence awarded, the subject of the vain boastings of the victims of this change.

The basis of the systems of all the Reformers was the fallibility of the church. They viewed its constitution humanly, divested of all its sacred prerogatives, and apart from the promises of Divine guidance and safe-keeping. Faith in their eyes had ceased to be the gift of God, and what had hitherto been considered "the evidence of things unseen," had been transmuted into the shadowy opinion. That hearty trust in the sleepless care and faithfulness of her Divine Head, which had ever been a distinguishing mark of the Church Catholic, was lost sight of: and confidence in fleshly arms, and human wisdom had become their reliance.—Corruption, they averred, had made its way into the temple, and it was but meet that they who had discovered the defect, should apply the remedy. No distinction was made between things sacred and profane: the handiwork of the Deity was to be reformed by those hands which might only without crime intermeddle in matters purely appertaining to human government.

But the course of error had not yet attained its destined limits. Men had to descend still lower, before they could meet with the natural level.—The next step, in the process of laying unhallowed hands upon the ark of God, was still in that descending scale which pointed to the gates of perdition. Thitherward, the pulse of the Reformation had beat, here all its principles

rightly deduced, and unflinchingly carried out, were directed, and must terminate. This stopping place on the highway to Infidelity was Perfectionism. The Catholic had been accustomed to view Revelation as something definite and complete, admitting neither increase, nor suffering diminution: Perfect, seeing that it proceeded from the hands of the only perfect Being, and cherished it with humility and thankfulness, as a deposit committed to the custody of a divinely appointed authority. The new development of Protestantism, arguing from the nature of that it had been used to lean upon, its so called churches, confessedly human *media*, fallible as human caprice their only support, asserted the progressive reformation of religion. It was now considered a subject fairly within the province of reason; capable of as much improvement as the Arts or the Belles Lettres: indebted to every new light which should break upon it from the advances in philology or science. Were any thing, supposed unfavorable to, or believed to be incompatible with revelation, the fruit of researches in fields purely profane, that tenet or passage of the sacred records was either explained away or unscrupulously abandoned. By these means all that remained of primitive faith and usages was gradually frittered away, until little remained which could excite the ire of the infidel.—Indeed, the partition wall between naked unbelief, and this their "Evangelical" system, had become so transparent as to exist but in name; and scarcely deserved to draw down upon their heads the opposition of the professed sceptic, who was sufficiently sharp-sighted to perceive the advantages accruing to his cause from an alliance with a concealed friend under the covering of religion.

We have before us the terminus of all consistent Protestantism, the cold, forbidding level of scepticism. The

doctrines of the Reformation have conducted its followers to a gulf, akin to that from whence their fathers emerged, through the zeal of apostolic and Christian men; and differing from it but in kind, the dark and repulsive night of heathenism. Lucifer and his fallen angels must naturally cherish blank unbelief, as next to idolatry; for it may well be questioned which is most heinous in the sight of Heaven, the blindly giving to others that honor due only to the Supreme, or the refusing it to any.—The goal has been attained. Could the projectors of a movement, destined to such a consummation, by simply following the inclined path at first marked out for it, have been imbued with the spirit of God, or with that of the evil one?

In thus reviewing the history of the past, we perceive that error has been revolving in an orbit of its own, sometimes receding from, at others advancing towards truth, albeit never blending. The tableau of heresy has been that of a circle, seemingly as if, having exhausted its expedients, it had returned to the point of its departure. When we revert to the days of the Gnostics, we find them shaking hands with philosophy, intermingling human elements, and presuming to engraft them on the divine. Thus the children of the Reformation with philosophy and infidelity: with a more refined and distinct mode of procedure, yet perhaps with no clearer view of the unholy character of the alliance. The circle of error had been gone over. The two extremes had met.

The annals of schism have been truly styled "a history of the wanderings of the human intellect." And what a mournful picture do they present! A commentary on the misdirected efforts of human reason, bursting asunder those salutary restraints which Divine Wisdom had imposed upon it, and essaying unaided to pierce through the dark future beyond. Its

triumph is now on the wane, and happier days are dawning on us: but from prophetic scrolls we are assured of its continuance to the world's end, the furnace of tribulation for the faithful ones, and the scourge of the worldly-minded. But the plague has been stayed for a time, and for our age has it been reserved to witness the end. Mankind has grown weary of those destructive principles, which have long been triumphant, only in the desecration of every thing called holy, in the robbery of the heritage of the Lord, and in the uprooting of the very corner-stone of religion, the denial of Him who paid a world's ransom upon the tree.

These things have been "written" in its history "for our correction, upon whom the ends of the world are come." They have been judgments laid upon the church by the chastening hand of the Almighty, to awaken the sleepers, and to infuse life into the tepid and backsliding. "For there must be also heresies: that they also, who are reprov'd, may be made manifest among you."—1 Cor. chap. 11, v. 19. It is useful, therefore, to keep their memory before us, were it but to arouse us to a due sense of our privileges, to increased diligence in our journeying in the path of the cross, lest we be found unworthy: and to warn us and our posterity against falling, through our own supineness and pride of heart, once more into the bondage of sin and irreligion. Nor have these warnings been vain, nor devoid of influence or example. Hardly had the first assaults of error been made, when this mother of the faithful put on her panoply of truth, and prepared her sons for the warfare. The domain of the church was like an islet, whose lot was cast in the midst of troublous waters, but founded upon a rock,—the Rock of everlasting ages. The surges which threatened to overwhelm it were beaten back, for it was written,

that "no weapon formed against her should prosper." "And the rain fell, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, *and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.*"—Matt. vii. 25. Ever since that too memorable and doleful period, she has never ceased to regain her lost territory, to call back, with a mother's fondness, her erring children; "to enlarge the place of her tent," and to "strengthen her stakes:" and to watch in prayer, until the uttermost parts of the earth be reduced to her obedience, and bow under the sweet and joyful yoke of her heavenly Bridegroom.—The sky, that has been lowering, is now bright and gladsome, and people,

that had sat in darkness, are now approaching to the light. May God avert, that many, who are now blessed with its rays, may not lose the precious birth-right of faith, in punishment for their transgressions and ingratitude. Like the altars at which a Cyprian prayed, and a Chrysostom ministered the word of life, which have long lain desolate, may their portion be not taken away: but mindful of their high calling, labor to make their election sure, and in union with the prodigal but repentant nations, whom they have bid welcome home, give glory to the truth, and hope for its eternal reign.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

BAPTISM OF A HINDOO PRINCESS.*

Letters from St. Tropez contain the following:

Our city is proud of being the birth-place of the illustrious General Allard, who left France after the downfall of Napoleon, and selected Lahore for his abode. His fine qualities and talents, won for him the friendship of the King of Runjeet Singh, who gave him the command of his army, and bestowed upon him the hand of his daughter in marriage.

He was absent more than twenty years ere he revisited his native land. About five years since, he brought his wife and children here, being anxious that the latter should enjoy the advantages of a European education. He left France for India once more,

leaving his family among his friends, and indulging the hope that they would soon rejoin him. This hope was not destined to be realized: he had scarcely returned to Lahore, when he died.

Madame Allard was baptized on Wednesday last. Many years ago, some pious missionaries had instilled into her mind the seeds of Catholicity, the development of which, Providence had delayed until now. These first lessons of Christianity produced the happiest results upon a mind and heart naturally good and benevolent, and every thing tended to encourage the hope that the illustrious neophyte would soon be received into the bosom of the Catholic church. At length the happy day dawned for her. A company of lancers, and three companies of dragoons, together with the garrison of the citadel headed by

* Translated for the Catholic Expositor, from the "Courier des Etats Unis."

their captain, went at nine in the morning to Madame Allard's castle ; as soon as they reached their destination, the doors were thrown open, and Madame Allard made her appearance, accompanied by the Prefect of the Department of the Var, and the brave General Ventura, in his uniform.—She was dressed in a white satin robe, and wore a veil of the same material, both elegantly ornamented with gold embroidery, and she walked modestly and humbly towards the church where the solemn ceremony was to take place. She was received at the door of the church, according to the ritual, by the parish priest, who awaited her arrival under a velvet canopy. After the customary questions had been answered by her, the clergyman delivered a most affecting exhortation. When this ceremony was concluded, she was admitted into the church, where baptism was ad-

ministered to her. It is impossible to give any thing like an adequate idea of the deep and general impression felt in the large assemblage, at the moment when the sacred waters of the "laver of regeneration," were poured upon the catechumen's head. A solemn high mass was then sung.

Madame Allard is of a mild and unaffected disposition, of short stature and delicate form, and copper-colored in complexion. She presented the church with a rich crimson vestment of velvet, embroidered with gold.—General Ventura presented the hospital of St. Tropez with an annuity of 200 francs.

Madame Allard's children were baptized during General Allard's stay in St. Tropez ; the same clergyman that baptized them had the consolation to instruct and baptize their mother.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

EPIGRAMS OF C. VALERIUS CATULLUS.

ON INGRATITUDE.

Cease now to court the praise of men : nor deem
Thy favors able to ensure esteem.
All is ingratitude—'tis nought to do
A deed of kindness : that is more than true.
I knew it well, whom nothing vexes more
Than he who seemed my only friend before.

TO CORNELIUS, HE PROMISES TO KEEP SECRETS.

If to a friend a secret you confide,
Whose firm fidelity has long been tried,

Trust me, Cornelius, with whate'er you please,
You'll find me made like old Harpocrates.*

TO QUINTIUS, HE BEGS HIM NOT TO TAKE AWAY FROM HIM SOMETHING
WHICH HE HIGHLY ESTEEMED.†

Quintius if thou wilt spare Catullus' eyes :
Or ought more dear, if ought more dear can be ;
Oh ! take not that much dearer than his eyes
-If ought much dearer than his eyes can be.

TO SILO, HE BEGS HIM TO GIVE BACK HIS TEN SESTERTIA, OR AT LEAST
TO CEASE HIS CRUELTY AND ROUGHNESS.

Silo, my ten sestertia repay,
Then be as wild and cruel as you can :
Or if the money please you, cease, I pray,
To be so cruel, so untamed a man !

* Harpocrates, among the Egyptians, was the god of Silence : he was represented with his finger on his mouth, as indicative of silence.

† I have, in this epigram, for the sake of the repetition of eyes, which is so striking in the original, sacrificed rhyme and verse to preserve the original simplicity.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

S U I C I D E .

FROM THE FRENCH OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

You would cease to live ere you have well commenced. What! have you then been placed on this earth for no particular end? Has not heaven, in giving you life, imposed upon you a task to perform? If you have finished your toil before evening, rest the remainder of the day: but let us examine your work. What answer do you hold ready for the Sovereign Judge, when he shall call on you to account for your misspent time?—Wretch! find, if you can, that *just* man who boasts of having lived long

enough; till I learn from him how life must be spent to entitle me to quit it.

You sum up the ills of humanity, and exclaim, life is an evil! But examine, look into the order of things; is there any good to be discovered which is not coupled with evil? Does this determine that there is no good in the universe, and can you not discern between that which is evil in its nature, and that which becomes so, only by casualty? Man's passive life is nothing, and is only connected

with a body, of which he shall soon be delivered ; but his active and moral life is every thing ; it influences his whole existence, and consists in the exercise of his free will. Life is an evil to the wicked, who prosper, but a comfort to the righteous, who suffer ; for it is not the many changes encountered on its passage, but its relation to its object, which makes it good or bad.

You are weary of life, and you say, life is an evil ; but be of good cheer, for, sooner or later, you will meet the balm of consolation, and you will admit that there is happiness in life ; you will then be nearer the truth though no better logician than before : for nothing shall have been reformed than yourself : why, then, not reform to-day, and, as the evil only exists in your own disquiet soul, why not correct, at once, your disordered sensibility, and pause ere you apply the firebrand to that edifice, which, though partly damaged, may, by care and exertion, still be renovated and preserved. What are ten, twenty, or thirty years, to an immortal being ? Pain and pleasure alike pass away as shadows ; life is but a transient flash, having no being of itself ; the good or evil performed, during its course, is all that will remain to attest its existence ; do not then say that it is an evil for you to live, since it depends on yourself to make it a lasting good : but even were it an evil, dare not, therefore, say, that you have a right

to die by your own hands ; for, as well might you assert the right of not being born, thereby revolting against the Author of your being, and claiming the choice of your own destiny.

Suicide is a cowardly and shameful death : it is a clandestine robbery, committed on the human family, and before you consummate it, you have to make a return to the world for all it has done for you. But I hear you answer, "there are no ties binding me to this earth. I can render no service to the world." Alas ! how short-sighted is your philosophy.— Know you not that that step cannot be taken on earth, which does not lead you to some new duty to perform ; to some sacred office to fulfil ! Learn then what your own mind ought to have taught, "every being is useful to humanity," his very existence makes him so. Thoughtless man ! listen to the voice of reason : and if there still remains a sentiment of virtue at the bottom of your heart, hear me while I teach you to love life.— Whenever you are tempted to leave it, say to yourself, "let me do one more good action before I die," then go in search of misery to succor, of misfortune to console, or helplessness to protect. If this consideration will stop your purpose to-day, so it will to-morrow, so will it the next day, and and till the end of life. If this idea does not influence your determination DIE THEN !—for you are but a wicked man !

H. L. H.

CHILDHOOD.

Ah ! well may sages bow to thee,
 Dear, loving, guileless Infancy !
 And sigh beside their lofty lore
 For one untaught delight of thine,
 And feel they'd give their Learning's store
 To know again thy truth divine.

SOIREES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK SIXTH—CHAPTER I.

"I do not regret, my dear friend," replied the Chevalier, "my having bantered you, for I have reaped in the first place, the pleasure of being reproved by you, and I have gained also something better. I was afraid, in truth, of becoming an habitual trifler with you; for man rarely refrains from doing that which affords him both pleasure and profit. But refuse me not, I beseech you, a very great satisfaction. You have vexed me in your turn, when I have heard you speak of Locke with so much irreverence. We have yet some time to spare, as you perceive, and I shall sacrifice to you, with all my heart, the enjoyment which awaits me, in good and agreeable company, if you will have the kindness to give me your opinion in detail concerning this famous author, of whom I have never heard you speak without remarking in you a certain irritableness which I cannot comprehend."

"I can refuse you nothing," answered the Count, "but I foresee that you will drag me along with you into a long and sober dissertation, whence, to speak plainly, I know not how I shall extricate myself, without deceiving your expectations, or fatiguing you; two inconveniences which I would equally avoid, which appears to me no easy matter: I fear, besides, to be carried too far."

"I assure you," said the Chevalier, in reply, "that this apprehended danger appears to be but slight, nay, al-

together imaginary. Must one write an epic poem in order to have the privilege of Episodes?"

"Oh!" returned the Count, "you are not easily deterred: as for myself, I have my reasons for dreading to plunge into this discussion. But if you wish to inspirit me, begin, I pray you, by being seated. You are beset by a restlessness, which quite unnerves me. I know not by what hobgoblin you are ceaselessly tormented: this much is certain, that you cannot keep yourself ten minutes in one position, my words seem to haunt you like the bullet which speeds its way after a bird on the wing.—What I have to say, somewhat resembles a sermon, so you must be seated. Now, my dear Chevalier, let us begin, if you please, by an act of candor. Tell me, frankly, have you read Locke?"

"Never," responded the Senator, "I have no reason to conceal it from you. I recollect once having opened it during a day spent in the country, a rainy day. It was but a cursory glance."

"I do not wish to find fault with you, at all times," replied the Count, "you often stumble upon very happy expressions. In sober earnest, the work of Locke is hardly ever taken up and opened, but cursorily. Among grave books, there is not one less read. A subject of great curiosity to me, but which cannot be satisfied, would be to know, how many men

there are in Paris who have read from beginning to end, the *Essay upon the Human Understanding*. It is often commented upon and quoted, but always on hearsay and at second-hand. I, myself, have passed judgment on it freely, like so many others, without having read it. At length, however, wishing to speak of it conscientiously, that is to say, with a full and accurate knowledge of the matter, I read it over leisurely, pen in hand, from the first word to the last.

‘But I was in the vale of fifty years when that befell me.’

And I believe that during the whole course of my life, I had never been tortured with such ennui. You know my courage in this respect.”

“I can bear testimony to it, with safety,” returned the Senator, “have I not beheld you reading, last year, a mortal German octavo on the Apocalypse. I remember, that on seeing you, at the end of the volume, full of life and health, I told you that after such an experiment, you might be compared to a cannon that had borne a double charge.”

“And yet I can assure you,” continued the Count, “that the German work compared with the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, is a mere pamphlet, a book of light reading, wherein are to be found many interesting pieces of information. We learn there, for example, *that the purple with which the abominable Babylon heretofore supplied foreign nations, signifies plainly, the red habits of the cardinals; that at Rome, the ancient statues of false gods are exposed in the churches, and a thousand other things of this nature, equally useful and entertaining.** But in the *Essay*, there is no relief to the mind, no so-lace to the fainting reader: you must

traverse this book, like the deserts of Lybia, without even meeting the smallest *oasis*, the least verdant spot, whereon to stop and take breath. It has been said of books, point me out a fault to be found therein. As for the *Essay*, I can, with justice, say: *Point me out one not to be found there.* Have what one you will of those blemishes most certain to damn a book, and I shall undertake straightway to furnish you with an example without searching for it. The very preface is shocking beyond all expression. I trust, says Locke, *thou wilt as little think thy money, as I do my pains, ill-bestowed.*† How it smacks of the shop-counter! Continue, and you will see: *that his book has been the diversion of some of his idle and heavy hours, which he knew not otherwise to dispose of.*‡ That the composition of his work afforded him some amusement, for the same reason, *as he that hawks at larks and sparrows, has no less sport, though a much less considerable quarry, than he that flies at nobler game!* That it was commenced by chance, continued as his humor or occasions permitted, written in detached pieces, often abandoned, and taken up again in like manner, *according to the dictates of caprice or the moment.*§ This, it must be confessed, is a singular tone on the part of an author who is about to discourse of the human understanding, of the spirituality of the soul, of liberty, and lastly, of God. What an outcry would there not arise from our dull *ideologues*, if this impertinent trifling were found in a preface of Malibranche.

“Before passing on to something more weighty, I may remark, that it would barely be credited to what an extent the work of Locke lends itself

* Die Siegs-geschichte der Christlichen Religion, in einer gemeinnützigen Erklärung der Offenbarung Joannis, Octavo. Nuremberg, 1799.

† London Edition, 1775. 1 Vol. 8vo. Epistle to the Reader.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

to the utterance of nonsense, properly so called, by the gross expressions to which he is much attached, and which flow under his pen with a marvellous rapidity. Sometimes Locke will tell us, in a second and third edition, after having pondered the matter over with all the power of his intellect: *that a clear idea is an object which the human mind has before its view.** Picture to yourself, if you can, any thing more solid!

“At other times, he will speak to you of memory as a box, wherein ideas are shut up in readiness for future wants, and which is separated from the mind, as if that could contain within it any thing other than itself.† Elsewhere, he makes *memory a secretary, that keeps a register of time and order.‡* Here, also, he represents to us the human intellect, as *a dark chamber pierced with divers windows, through which the light is let in.§* In another place, he complains *of a certain sort of persons who cause men to swallow down innate principles, respecting which, they are not permitted*

to dispute.|| Obligated, as I am, to pass summarily over so many different objects, I beg you to bear in mind, that for every example which my memory now furnishes us, I could add a hundred more, were I writing a dissertation. The single chapter of the discoveries of Locke, would present you with two days amusement.

He has discovered, that *in order that there may be confusion in our ideas, two, at least, must always be present*; so that in a thousand years, an idea, provided it be alone, will not be able to be confounded with another.¶ He has made the discovery, that if mankind have not thought fit to transfer to the animal species the names of affinity in use among them; that if, for example, it is *seldom said: this bull is the grandfather of such a calf, or these two pigeons are cousins-german,*** the reason is, that these names are useless with respect to animals, whilst they are necessary among men to regulate successions in courts of law, and for other reasons.

* Ibid.

† Book XI. Chap. IV. § 20.

‡ Ibid. Chap. I. § 6.

§ Ibid. Chap. II. § 17.—Upon this, Herder asked Locke, if the Divine intel-

lect was also a dark chamber? Herder Gott, ernige gesfranche uber spinosas system. Gotha, 1800. 12mo.

|| Book I. Chap. IV. § 24.

¶ Book II. Chap. XXIX. § 11.

** Book II. Chap. XXVIII. § 2.

RE M O R S E .

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

CHAPTER I.

There is a power upon me which withholds,

And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be life to wear within myself
This bitterness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have
ceased

To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil!—BYRON.

Death hallows what it touches.

This is a truth to which every heart, not utterly divested of the better feelings of our nature, will yield a ready assent; and he who violates the sanctuary of the grave is looked upon by all who acknowledge this truth as little less sacrilegious than the wretch who profanes the temple of his God. If such is the general feeling towards him who disturbs the sleep of the common dead—of beings unloved in life—and bound to him by no dearer

tie than that of mere humanity ; how lively must be the indignation, how deep the abhorrence and how bitter the denunciations against him who stands forth the accuser of his earliest, dearest friend ; the revealer of follies and of crimes which—though they draw tears of blood from him in secret—should be hidden, as the miser hides his treasure, from the knowledge of the world, and who brands with eternal infamy that name which above all names has the power of reviving in his heart the buried recollections of his infant years ! And that wretched being am I ! But the task which I have assumed—though Heaven knows how unwillingly !—however it may wring my heart, I dare not shrink from the performance of.

My father was one in whose praise the tongue of dulness has grown eloquent. Not that he had fought successfully the battles of his country, spoken in her councils, or added one page to the volume of her literature,—for my father was neither warrior, statesman, nor poet—but he had, in the opinion of many, done even more ; having, from beginnings comparatively humble, by unremitting, and—to his praise be it spoken—by *honest* industry, raised himself to a distinguished rank among the men of wealth and influence of his time ; and my mother is still remembered as one of the most beautiful women of her day. Of the former, however, who died when I was a mere infant, I remember nothing ; of the latter—but I will not anticipate.

Though during his life my mother had not evinced any extraordinary affection for my father, upon his death she completely withdrew herself from the gay world, of which she had once been the brightest ornament, and devoted herself to a seclusion that at length proved prejudicial to her health, for the restoration of which she was induced by the advice, or rather command, of her physician

to try the air of southern Europe, and I was thereupon consigned to the care of an uncle ; a plain unambitious man, who had preferred the certainty of a competence in the country, to the chance of affluence through the drudgery of business in the city—between whom and my mother, upon this occasion, the following letters were exchanged.

To Herman De Peyster, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—Though sadly neglectful of the correspondence you were so good as to open with me on the death of your excellent brother—the fault rather of my health than of my inclination—I have never forgotten the kindness you evinced towards me on that melancholy occasion, nor your forbearance since, in leaving with me my dear boy, whom, according to the will of his father, you might have taken from me at any moment. Of this forbearance, however, I will no longer avail myself ; for feeling that the welfare of my child should be paramount to every other consideration ; and knowing my utter incompetence to the task of properly managing a boy, I have determined upon depriving myself of the pleasure of his company in my voyage to Europe, whither I am ordered for my health, if you, my dear sir, for the sake of your departed brother, will assume the guardianship of his son. Though something, perhaps, must be allowed for the partiality of a mother, I do think you will find my Gulian an uncommonly clever child. Though hardly ten, he is the best dancer in Monsieur Pirouette's school ; draws beautifully, and reads French almost as well as he does English ; and as dancing drawing and French, are now considered primary branches in the education of a gentleman, I need hardly impress upon you the necessity of paying particular attention to them ; but above all—as the physicians here

have recommended exercise to him—I beg that you will have him immediately put through a course of gymnastics. If you succeed in decyphering this scrawl—the most I have written for years—you will please let me have an answer as soon as practicable, as it is of the utmost consequence to me that I should know at an early day whether you will accept the charge that I am so anxious to impose upon you. With love to your sister, who, though we have never met, I hope does me the honor sometimes to think of me.

I remain yours, &c.,

EURETTA DE PEYSTER.

To Mrs. Eurette de Peyster.

DEAR SISTER,—Yours of the 13th has just come to hand, and you perceive that I have lost no time in answering it. Though it has long been matter of serious regret to me that my nephew should be confined to the unwholesome atmosphere of a city, I never could find it in my heart to use the power vested in me by the will of my brother, to deprive the mother of her child. But, now that you have made an offering of him to me, I promise to receive him, not merely with readiness, but with the greatest pleasure; and, much as I lament on your account the necessity that separates you, on his I can but rejoice at it—as it will enable me to acquit myself as I ought of the duties incumbent on me both as guardian and uncle. Without ascribing any thing to maternal partiality, I am willing to believe all that you have said of the cleverness of the lad, for I well remember what his father was at his age; but, I must confess, I should have been better pleased to hear of his having given other proof of it than by his proficiency in dancing, drawing and French, which, though well enough as accomplishments for a gentleman with a fortune equal to my nephew's should be re-

garded as nothing more; and much as it will grieve me to act counter to any wish of yours, I would not, if I could, encourage him at present in the study of French, which is, in my opinion, a poor foundation for the superstructure of an English Education. But I will not fail to act upon your suggestion of putting him through a course of gymnastics. I will give him the range of the surrounding country, and, my word for it, the restless spirit of boyhood will prompt him to as much exercise as his health may require. Excuse the shortness of my letter, which from a rheumatic affection of the hand I have had some difficulty in writing at all. Joined by my sister in an earnest wish for your speedy restoration to health, your country and friends, I subscribe myself your ever affectionate friend and brother,

HERMAN DE PEYSTER.

P. S. My sister would be greatly obliged to you if, without much inconvenience, you would procure for her the “Romance of the Forest,” the “Castle of Otranto,” and the second volume of the “Children of the Abbey;” and should you have occasion to write to me again, I would thank you not to tack *Esquire* to my name, a title that has become so common with us, who so much affect to despise titles, that I actually saw a letter the other day addressed to one of my blacks, as “*Yost do Pester, Askwyer.*”

H. DE P.

Within sight of the glancing waters of the Hudson stood the venerable mansion of my uncle, a fair, if not beautiful specimen of the style of architecture common in my native city, ere that place fell into the hands of those innovators, the English; and though it had been beaten by the storms of many winters, it was, at the time of my taking up my abode in it, equal to any house in that section of

the State in which it stood. And of a verity none could be better kept. My uncle Herman set a just value upon the good things of this life, and believing that they were intended for man's enjoyment, he determined, as far as his influence extended, that man should enjoy them; and at the morning, noon and evening meal, the substantial round tables in parlor and kitchen, literally groaned beneath the weight of viands, which the poor dyspeptic of the city would hardly venture to look upon.

At this time my uncle was well stricken in years; but, though his head was blanched by the frosts of time, his heart remained untouched; possessing with all the verdure of boyhood, much of the enthusiasm that forms so beautiful a feature in the character of youth; and however utilitarian in practice, his theories were all tinged with the rainbow hues of romance. As he had never married, the affairs of his household were left to the management of his sister—a maiden lady of nearly his own age, and one of the kindest old souls that ever lived—who, from the very best motives, did all in her power to ruin a disposition that early indulgence had considerably warped, but which the watchful care of my uncle, fortunately for me, prevented; and though in every thing, kindness of heart excepted, my aunt Gitty was the very reverse of her brother, never was the power of affection more beautifully illustrated than in the lives of those isolated beings, whose whole study seemed to be which should contribute most to the happiness of the other; and the love that shed its brightness over their lonely path forsook them not until its light was no longer needed by them.

But though one of the best, my uncle was certainly one of the ugliest men I ever knew; being very tall, very thin and very crooked, with a small wrinkled face, dreadfully dis-

figured by a scar that extended almost across his right cheek, and a nose but little inferior to that spoken of by Solomon. It is not to be wondered at then, that my young heart was filled with dismay upon first beholding him who was thenceforth to have the direction of my fate. Little by little, however, his repulsiveness wore away, and at last he became not merely tolerable, but positively comely in my eyes; and one of the first and most salutary lessons which I was taught by him, who was to me at once uncle, guardian and tutor, was never to judge of the man from the appearance of face or person.

As I am not writing a treatise upon education, I need not enter into the particulars of the course pursued with me by my uncle. But, to judge from its results, it was no less favorable to the development of physical than mental powers: for from the weak, timid little creature that seemed destined to an early grave, I sprang up into a sturdy youth, active of limb, and of an iron frame; less ready to give than to resent an insult,—and, particularly after what I shall now relate, looked upon as one quite as able as willing to visit aggression with the punishment it merited.

The evening after my arrival in ———, my uncle took me to visit a person who lived at the other end of the village, in a small wooden building, the exterior of which, of lustrous white, bespoke a degree of refinement in its occupant by no means common among the villagers of ———, which the variety of flowering-shrubs that surrounded it tended greatly to confirm. As we approached the door, that had been left open for the admission of the vagrant breeze, my uncle stopped; and looking in, I could not, child as I was, help admiring the beautiful picture that I there beheld. On a low stool sat a young woman of uncommon loveliness, by no means heightened by her plain

dark dress, except by the contrast it afforded to the dazzling fairness of the neck to which it ascended, and before her knelt a little creature of some four or five summers, repeating in the sweet voice of childhood that prayer—suitable to all ages and conditions—which has been left us by the Saviour himself. As she breathed forth her *Amen*, the bright face of the child, to which the light of the moon gave an appearance of heavenly purity, was turned up towards the young woman, and in a voice that would have touched a heart less susceptible than mine, she said, "Bless me, my mother!"

"Heaven bless thee, my dearest—my only treasure!" said the young mother, as she stooped to kiss the lips of the kneeling cherub; who thereupon rose, and twining her little arms around the neck of her mother, returned her kiss with a sweet "Good night!" and tripped lightly away to bed.

I know how very unfashionable it is at the present day to acknowledge a belief in the doctrine of Sympathies and Antipathies, upon which the sage and the witling have spent alike the force of reason and of ridicule. But who, I would ask, has not at some period of his life *felt* the truth of it? Who has not been sensible of a sudden expansion, as it were, of the heart towards a being of whom he could have had no previous knowledge by ordinary means, or a shrinking of it from another, who was equally a stranger to him? And who, upon acquaintance with those persons, has not had reason to acknowledge the prescience of that indefinable something in his nature which prompted him to a closer communion with the one and an avoidance of the other? Thus was it with me. The moment I beheld that 'young mother' and her child, my heart opened to receive them among its few—its very few—chosen inmates; and upon first meet-

ing with Joe Sherwood, whom I found domesticated in my uncle's family, where he had been for some years, I felt a repugnance towards him very little short of hatred; and while the former feeling acquired strength with time, the latter by no means diminished, although we occupied the same chamber, sat at the same board, pursued the same studies, and even entered into the same amusements for years. This feeling met a corresponding one in the bosom of Joe; and, in spite of all the admonitions of my uncle, our mutual dislike would manifest itself in frequent bickerings, and not unfrequently in acts of open hostility. But in these rencounters victory always declared for Joe, who was both older and larger than I was.

One day on coming home from the village I met my little favorite in the road, upon whose cheeks were the traces of recent tears.

"What is the matter, Mary?" I asked.

"I was going to uncle Herman's"—that was the name my uncle had taught her to give him—"and Joe Sherwood met me at the gate and wouldn't let me go in?"

"He would not, ha? But come, you shall go in, in spite of Joe Sherwood." So saying I took the hand of the little girl in mine, and led her boldly forward.

As we approached the gate, Joe came swaggering forth, and planted himself immediately in front of my companion—who, trembling with terror, begged me to permit her to return. But the fear of the poor child served but to strengthen the resolution I had long before formed, of giving Joe the drubbing of which he stood so much in need, and I still kept a firm hold of her hand.

"Stand out of the way, Joe," I said with as much calmness as I could well command.

"You be darned;" was his reply, in a tone and with a look of vulgar

defiance. "I suppose I can stand where I please. If you want to pass, you can go to the other side." Almost before these words were uttered, I lent him a blow that nearly felled him to the earth, of which surprise prevented his immediate repayment. But when he did repay it, it was with interest; and then ensued a contest which—though long doubtful—terminated at length in the discomfiture of the tyrant.

Thenceforth that little girl seemed to look up to me for protection, and the consciousness of being able to afford it, gave a manliness to my bearing that none of my own, and very few of even a more advanced age possessed.

At the age of sixteen—ridiculous as the assertion may appear to those who have outlived the remembrance of their youth—I was irrecoverably in love with Mary Bayard, the little girl whose wrongs I had so signally redressed. And never was creature of earth better fitted by the plastic hand of Heaven for the inspiring of that which makes so much of the happiness or misery of our lives. But I will not attempt to describe her—*forsooth* to say, no words of mine could convey to another even a faint idea of her who had become the mistress of my young affections. Yet, though it was her exquisite loveliness of form and face that first awoke the master passion of my heart, it was the feminine grace, the purity of soul that breathed in every word and shone in every look and action, that bound me to her then, and binds me to her now, that the cold breath of time has robbed her cheek of its youthful bloom.

The small white cottage occupied by the widow Bayard and her daughter was the property of my uncle; and, as the old gentleman was frequent in his calls upon his tenant, many stories got into circulation that said more for the gallantry of the

one than the purity of the other—of whom nothing was known until her arrival in the village some years before, and very little since, except that she led a very retired, and, some said, a very easy life, for without any exertion of her own, all her wants were supplied. Many questioned her right to the title of widow; the easily excited compassion of a brisk old bachelor was a subject of ridicule with others, and some affected to think that Mary Bayard and I were amazingly alike. These stories, which I heard from Joe Sherwood, accompanied by his peculiarly malicious laugh, though intended doubtless for a very different purpose, had the effect of increasing my love for the daughter, by exciting a deep interest in the mother, whose early history was involved in so much mystery; and every day, and sometimes often in the day, upon one pretence or another, I was sure to call at the cottage of the widow, where I not unfrequently met my uncle, who was apparently as much pleased with my visits as I was myself; and this gave rise to a remark, that if the pretended widow succeeded in catching me for her daughter, it would not be without the connivance of my uncle, who had evidently an interest in the affair.

But as Mary approached the age of womanhood, the hours of unrestrained intercourse, in which we had so long indulged, were wofully curtailed; and the few that were left to us, were darkened by the shade of melancholy that I saw gradually stealing over the once bright countenance of my beloved. But what cause could one so young, so innocent, so beautiful and so beloved, have for melancholy? was a question that I asked myself a thousand times, without being able to form anything like a satisfactory answer to it; and for a long time Mary would not assist me.

One evening—one bright, delicious

evening in early summer—Mary and I were alone upon the glassy bosom of the deep, dark Hudson. After rowing awhile, I raised the oars out of the water, and suffering the boat to be carried along by the current, looked long and earnestly in the face of my companion, who seemed too much absorbed in her own reflections to be conscious of the intensity of my gaze. At length I spake.

"Tell me, Mary, if you would not break my heart, tell me why you are unhappy?"

"Unhappy, Gulian?" she said, in a strangely constrained voice, "Who could have made you believe that I am unhappy?"

"Yourself, Mary. Your languid step, heavy eye, faded cheek and joyless smile have long proved to me that you were unhappy, and—"

"Believe them not," she said quickly, "they would deceive you; for you well know that one like me can have no cause for unhappiness," and she burst into tears.

"Is this kind, Mary?" asked I, when she had again become calm. "You know that I have never hidden any thing from you, and yet—though you cannot but see the misery I suffer at witnessing your grief—you refuse to let me into the cause of it."

"Do not be angry with me, Gulian, and I will tell you all," she said; and then, after a short preparatory silence, she thus resumed. "I need not remind you of our early partiality for each other, or how soon that partiality ripened into affection, for I trust your memory treasures as fondly as mine does, the recollections of all the happy hours that are passed; and I only revert to them now as a kind of preface to the little story of my uneasiness. While we were happy in the consciousness of our affection, my mother lived in utter ignorance of its existence, until the knowledge of it was forced upon her by your uncle, and then she seemed like one awa-

kened from a tranquil sleep to the certainty of impending destruction. Grief, consternation, despair were vividly depicted on her usually calm countenance, and wringing her hands in agony she exclaimed, "Fool, fool that I have been! I should have foreseen this!" My curiosity was painfully excited; but—though I have often importuned her, even with tears—she has never yet satisfied it; and the purport of her replies to my entreaties is, "Do not urge me, my child, to explain to you what must seem strange in my conduct; but be warned by one who has been taught by bitter experience, never to put your happiness in the keeping of man; to pluck from your heart every fibre of the love that may have germinated there, and teach yourself to think of Gulian De Peyster, with the same indifference that you do of Joe Sherwood. But—though the words of my mother have caused me joyless days and sleepless nights—her warning, Gulian, has come too late." And her look, so full of tenderness, as she raised her beautiful eyes to mine, gave me a sweeter assurance than even her words, that her mother's warning had indeed come too late.

"Look, Gulian, look!" exclaimed Mary, in a voice of alarm. I turned and saw a boat from the eastern shore, making rapidly towards us. I dashed my oars into the water to avoid the threatened collision; but, ere I could make a single sweep, the strange boat was driven violently against ours; and, as we were precipitated into the water, I heard a low exulting laugh that could only have proceeded from Joe Sherwood, or the arch fiend, his master.

I rose instantly to the surface; but Mary was no where to be seen! Gracious Heaven, was she then drowned! I called aloud for help, but my only answer was that low exulting laugh of bitter derision which I had already heard. The boat lay

bottom upwards, and after much difficulty I succeeded in turning it over. Mary was clinging to it ! I tore her from it ; swam with her to the shore, and, exerting to the utmost the remnant of my strength, bore her to the cottage of her mother ; but scarce had I crossed its threshold when I sank with my lifeless burthen upon the floor.

A painful and protracted illness succeeded the events of this evening, but the severity of it was greatly mitigated by the unremitted attendance of Mary and the maternal care of her excellent parent ; who, though she promised not to withdraw her objections to my union with her daughter, gave me reason to hope that she one day might, by the lively gratitude she evidently felt for the preservation of the life of her child.

One afternoon, soon after my convalescence became confirmed, I was sitting in the room with my uncle and aunt, he indulging himself with his pipe, and she—as was her wont, industriously knitting, when, after a long silence, the former opening his mouth, whence issued a volume of smoke that obscured for a moment the effulgence of his nose, asked “What day of the month is this, Gitty ?”

“Let me see,” said my aunt, suspending as she spoke the labor of her fingers. “This month came in on Sunday, and this is Thursday. Then this is—let me see. Sunday first, Sunday eighth, Sunday fifteen, Monday sixteenth, Tuesday seventeenth, Wednesday eighteenth, then this must be the nineteenth.”

“So I thought,” said my uncle, taking the pipe from his mouth, and knocking out the ashes upon the thumb nail of his left hand. “Then Reynier is sixteen years dead to-day.”

“Poor Reynier !” sighed my aunt, and in turning the seam stitch she let it fall.

“Poor Reynier !” responded my

uncle ; and rising, he put his hands behind him under the broad skirts of his coat, and walked up and down the room.

“This then,” resumed my aunt Gitty, having raised the fallen stitch, “is little Gulian’s birth day.” I was always *little* Gulian with my aunt, though I was at this time little short of six feet.

“Yes,” said my uncle, “he is now twenty ; and in the ten years that he has been with us, we have not received as many letters from Eureka. I think for Reynier’s sake, if not for his own, she might have consideration enough for her son’s feelings to let him know now and then how she is.” My uncle spoke with a degree of bitterness by no means usual with him ; but ere my aunt could offer an excuse for the absent, as she was always ready to do, the toot-toot-tooing of a tin horn without announced the arrival of the post rider, and immediately after Yost entered the room with the papers and some letters, one of which was from my mother.

She had returned to her native country without having derived the anticipated benefit from the climate of Europe ; and now proposed spending a few months with us, prior to re-opening her house in town, which, for my sake, she seemed to think necessary the next winter. It was her wish that I should meet her in Albany ; but, as that was impossible, my uncle proposed to supply my place, and accordingly the next morning he set out in the old rumbling family coach to bring his sister-in-law home.

The day after the departure of my uncle, my aunt Gitty, knitting work in hand, and I with a book, took our afternoon seat upon the front *stoop* to look for his return. But he came not ; nor on the second, nor yet upon the third, and, as the shadows of the fourth evening were gathering around us, we rose to retire with

feelings of deep disappointment, not unmingled with fears for the safety of those we expected, when the voice of Yost, uttering Dutch curses upon the animals he drove, gave gladness to our hearts; and sending forward one of the blacks to open the great gate, my aunt retreated to the parlor to see that all things were in readiness while I remained alone to receive the embrace—the cold embrace of the mother whom my heart had so long yearned to behold.

I have said my mother was beautiful. But at this time, though hardly forty, her fine form had lost the fullness of health, her cheek was thin and colorless, and her large dark orbs wanted much of their original splendor. Her countenance, which had once been as animated as beautiful, now wore an expression of habitual gloom that, in a state of repose had something in it inexpressibly touching. But at times, as some long hidden feeling, some unuttered and unutterable thought would flash across it, its whole character would undergo so fearful a change that he, who but a moment before had gazed upon it with feelings of mingled pity and admiration, would now almost shrink at beholding it. Though she had expressed such an earnest desire to see me, I soon felt from her manner towards me, that I was less the object of her love than of her pride, and this want of affection in my parent, I was not slow to perceive was mainly attributable to the power possessed over her by her woman—a power that was never exerted to any beneficial purpose.

Hetty Pennimore, the woman, or rather the tyrant of my mother, was one of those every day sort of creatures that one is sure of meeting in any part of the world; who are seen for the first time and the last with the same indifference, and who, though they may teach us to hate, can never inspire us with love. Yet

she had obtained such an ascendancy over her mistress, that she who could be most imperious to others, was often humble, even to abjectness, to her own servant. But by what means she had acquired her power, was a mystery which none of us could pretend to solve.

After the first few days of her residence among us, my mother, on plea of ill-health, confined herself to her own room; scarcely admitting me to her presence once in the twenty-four hours. But the seclusion of the mistress was not practised by the maid; and not a family in the neighborhood escaped the acquaintance of Mrs. Hetty. Upon none, however, was she pleased to bestow so much of her time and tediousness as upon the widow Bayard; and, to my surprise and grief, I very soon perceived that the influence she possessed over my mother was no greater than that she had all at once acquired over the widow. To the quiet abode of the latter, therefore, my visits were now less frequent than they had been; my intercourse with Mary was subject to incessant interruptions, as Hetty or Joe Sherwood was ever in the way; my uncle, I fancied, was less cordial to me than he was wont since I refused to agree with him that the upsetting of the boat by Joe must have been purely accidental; and even my books failed to yield me pleasure. A change was at work within me. From one of an equable temper, constitutionally gay, and who delighted in an association with his fellows, I became irritable, moody, fond of solitude, and an explorer of the hidden walks of nature. This change in my temper and habits soon had so visible an effect upon my health, that my mother, who seemed to have no thought of any one but herself, could not at length fail to perceive it.

"You are greatly altered, Gulian," said my mother one morning after I

had set near half an hour in her room, a circumstance of rare occurrence, as she generally contrived to get rid of me in a few minutes. "You are greatly altered, indeed. Your cheek has lost much of its natural redness, no great loss, by the bye, for you used to have quite too much color; your eye is heavy, and your hair is sadly out of curl. What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Perhaps Master Gulian's in love," observed Hetty, who never missed an opportunity of putting in a word, let who would be talking.

"God forbid!" exclaimed my mother, in a tone of unusual energy, while her pale cheek became of a more deathly hue.

"And why?" I asked.

"Because—" she began, but Hetty, throwing upon her a look of strange meaning, interrupted her by asking, if it was not time to dress.

"I believe it is," she replied, sink-

ing at once into her habitual languor. This was the signal for me to withdraw; but, determining not to lose the opportunity, which the observation of Hetty afforded, of unbosoming myself to my mother—of making her the depository of that secret with which my heart had so long been burthened, I begged her to defer dressing for a few minutes; and then intimating to Hetty that her presence would not be necessary while I remained, that amiable person, though with evident reluctance, rose and left the room.

At first, my mother listened to the story of my feelings with seeming indifference; nay, I fancied I saw something like contempt in the curl of her beautiful lip—but as I proceeded, her frigidity gradually gave way, and ere I concluded, I felt sure of her sympathy, of which, indeed, the wish she expressed to see Mary, left me not a doubt.

To be continued.

☞ We invite especial attention from the musical portion of our subscribers to the exquisite musical "*morceaux*" which we present them with, in this number of the Expositor. The Hymn, "*Veni Creator Spiritus*," which is usually sung before sermon, catechism, or other spiritual instruction, has repeatedly been set to music, in a modern style, by NOVELLO and other eminent English authors, but we venture to say, never with more happy effect, to a sweeter melody, or richer harmony, than is here combined in this fresh and original contribution, from the pen of MR. CHARLES M. KING, the well-known musical composer.

MR. KING has done much by his influential example, in these productions, towards rescuing the style of church "psalmody" from its merited obloquy, and its "low estate," which, if followed up by scientific men, will speedily supplant much of the trash which has been introduced into our choir service, in this particular department, by ignorant compilers, or incompetent vocalists.

The chaste, and highly finished specimens, in this style, which have previously and exclusively embellished this work from the same source, have, we are happy to learn, called forth the warmest marks of commendation from the musical portion of our subscribers, all over the Union. And, we doubt not, that the beautiful and scientific piece of Choral Harmony, which we now present to our patrons, will become, as it deserves to be, a "stock piece" in every Catholic Hymn-book, throughout the country.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

Holy Mary!—mother mild!
Hear, O hear! a feeble child
Who on life's tempestuous sea
Is cast alone, O succour me!

Waves of sorrow o'er me roll!
Storms of passion shake my soul!
Dangers press on every side!
Star of Ocean! be my guide.

Brightest in the court's above!
Joy of angels!—Queen of love!
Comfort of the sorrowing!—hear,
And ever let me be thy care!

MORNING HYMN.

BY THE SAME.

The morn in all her beauty wakes,
And from her golden tresses shakes
The dews of night;
The babbling brook, the whispering wind,
With song of birds to praise Thee 're joined,
Father of light!

Shall man alone refuse to sing
Thy praises, whom, Eternal King!
Thy love sustains?
O no! at eve I'll sing to thee,
And thine my morning song shall be
While life remains.

SACRED LYRICS. NO. VI.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

(Usually sung before the Sermon, Catechism, and other spiritual instruction, &c.)

NEW MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EXPOSITOR BY

CHARLES M. KING.

1 Treble Andante. >DOL P CRES

2 Treble DOL P CRES

Tenor DOL P CRES

Bass. DOL P CRES

Spirit, Cre - a - tor of mankind, Come vi - sit eve - ry

Spirit, Cre - a - tor of mankind, Come vi - sit eve - ry

Spirit, Cre - a - tor of mankind, Come vi - sit eve - ry

Spirit, Cre - a - tor of mankind, Come vi - sit eve - ry

P

pi - ous mind, Come vi - - sit eve - ry pi - ous mind, And P

pi - ous mind, Come v - - sit eve - ry pi - ous mind, And P

pi - ous mind, Come vi - - sit eve - ry pi - ous mind, P

pi - ous mind, Come vi - - sit eve - ry pi - ous mind,

Sacred Lyrics:

sweet - ly let thy grace in - vade Our haarts, O

sweet - ly let thy grace in - spire our hearts, O

thy grace in - vade our hearts O

our hearts O

RAL
Lord, which Thou hast made, *P.* And sweet-ly let thy

RAL
Lord, which Thou hast made, *P.* And sweet-ly let thy

RAL
Lord, which Thou hast made, *P.* And sweet-ly let thy

RAL
Lord, which Thou hast made, *P.* And sweet-ly let thy

Sacred Lyrics.

grace in - vade, Our hearts O Lord, which thou hast

grace in - vade, Our hearts O Lord, which thou hast

grace in - vade, Our hearts O Lord, which thou hast

grace in - vade, Our hearts O Lord, which thou hast

made Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

made Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

made Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

made Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

2 Thou art the comforter, whom all
Gift of the highest God, must call;
The living fountain, fire and love;
The unction coming from above.

3 Chase from our minds th'infernal foe
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow,
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

4 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe,
Give us thyself that we may see
The Father and the Son in thee.

5 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th'Almighty Father's name,
To Jesus equal praises be,
And, holy Paraclete, to thee.

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